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GREAT ARE THE GIFTS OF GOD.

BY the brightness of the morning, and by the night, when it groweth dark, thy Lord hath not forsaken thee. Verily the life to come shall be better for thee than this present life : and thy Lord shall give thee a reward wherewith thou shalt be well pleased. Did he not find thee an orphan, and hath he not taken care of thee? And did he not find thee wandering in error, and hath he not guided thee into the truth? And did he not find thee needy, and hath he not enriched thee? Wherefore oppress not the orphan; neither repulse the beggar: but declare the goodness of thy Lord.

AL KORAN.

Great are the gifts of God, Who doth not hate,
Whose wisdom punisheth to reinstate:
Who, by the marvel of His Spirit, can
Disperse the pride and faults in wicked Man.

By the eternal morning and the night
Of sparkling radiance, and of sickly light,
We know His might to constancy confined,
That waketh sleepers and doth lead the blind.

Again, we know the life to come shall be
A glorious song of great Eternity,
That, as we sins forsake, and upward press,
We shall gain meeds of newer righteousness.

Here are we orphans who, beneath the dome
Of Heaven, seek a better, lasting home.
Covered with darkness, and in error lost,
He sought and found us, at such awful cost,
And guided us to higher truth each day,
Enriching us with blessings on the way.

Wherefore, the orphan and the beggar, we
Should help, and lead with holy sympathy,
And, unto all men, by the broadcast word,
Declare the grace and goodness of our Lord.

HERBERT PORTER.

THE STORY OF ALCESTIS.

THIS is a very beautiful tale from Greek mythology, of service, sacrifice and what we may call woman's chivalry. It is a story, which is specially apt for India, for it emphasises that feeling of Woman for Man as her God, of which at one time we Indian women were so proud. I say 'at one time,' because now I think that feeling has changed, or ought to change, in tone at least. Indian women are still proud of serving their husbands, but not altogether as their gods. The feeling indeed is such that it can be reciprocated from the other side. What I mean is that men in India may be as gods to their women; but the women not as goddesses; yet there can be chivalry on both sides The feeling of sacrifice, therefore, can be felt, not as the duty of a lower being to a higher, but as a service of pleasure and love.

In days of old, the Greek God Apollo offended his father Zeus and was punished by being sent as a mortal to earth for nine years. He became shepherd to Admetus, a King in Thessely, and was treated so well by his master that he gave him a wonderful boon at parting. This favour allowed that the King would escape death, when his time came, if he found anybody who would die in his stead.

The due time came. The hour of death arrived; and Admetus turned in vain for help to his old parents, to his friends and to his servants. Only his lovely wife in the bloom of her beauty, the mother of his splendid children, was left, and her he was loath to lose. But she loved him so well that she offered to sacrifice herself for him. She was loved by every one. Her servants idolised her.

"I mourn thee, lady,
To me and all our household, mother-like,
Who shieldest us from manifest rebukes,
Soothing the master's wrath,"

Her world thought the best of her:

"Alcestis, who all men would say
The best of wives has been."

"In sooth, a worthy name she leaves on earth,
Noblest by far of women 'neath the Sun.
Noblest indeed, that truth can none gainsay:
What must that woman be whose nobleness
Surpasses hers? How could devoted love
Be better proved than by consent to die
In husband's stead?"

Her husband adored her:

" My only wife,
Alive thou wast, and shalt be so in death:

In thy dear stead shall no Thessalian bride
Ever call me husband; nay, no women lives
So nobly born, or of such matchless beauty
That I should woo her."

This noble lady loved her husband, better than herself. She "preferred him in honour", she said; she might have lived on as an honoured queen with another husband, but she "could not brook a life apart from him with orphan children," and so she did not grudge to him "to sacrifice all gifts of joyous youth."

In return, she begged her husband to be good to her motherless children:

"Allow that they shall rule
This household; no step-mother bring to them
Unworthy of thy love, whose jealousy
May on our darlings lay a cruel hand.
Far be this from thee is my earnest prayer:
A boy finds in his father a strong tower;
But how shall fare in growth to womanhood
My daughter? how disposed to her will be
The father's consort?
No mother, child, will deck thee as a bride,
Or comfort thee in travail, when no presence
Is kindlier than a mother's."

Then she blessed her children fondly:

"Hear Goddess, this thy suppliant's latest prayer
Ere her departure to the under-world:
Watch o'er my orphan: grant to both a life
Of wedded honour and devoted love;
Let not these children like their mother perish
By fate untimely; but with happy lot
Fulfil in native land their term of years."

Then she prepared herself for death, as for a joyous feast:

"When first she knew th' appointed day had come,
With running water her fair limbs she bathed,
Then from the cedar press brought forth a robe
And with its brave adornment draped her form.
Then all the altars in the palace courts
With prayer and suppliant wreath she visited,
Plucking for each a myrtle bough: sans tears,
Sans groans, she plucked them, nor did imminent doom
The wonted favour of her fair cheek pale."

Thus died Alcestis And her weeping husband attended to her funeral rites. Just at that time came the mighty Hercules to him on a friendly visit. Admetus was full of sorrow; but he was true to the sacred rules of hospitality. He pretended so well indeed

to his friend, that the latter did not suspect the tragedy which had happened. Feasting and revelry were indulged in by him in that sad house; but all on a sudden he was shocked to sanity by the rebuke of an old servant. Hercules was so struck by the generosity of his host and by the heroism of the dead queen, that he determined to try his best to recover Alcestis from Death himself. He hurried after that dread god and proceeded to wrestle with him with his immense strength.

In the meanwhile,
"Night wore away,
'Mid, Gusts of wailing wind, the twilight grey
Stole o'er the sea, and wrought his wondrous change
On things unseen by night, by day not strange
But now half seen and strange; then came the sun
And therewithal the silent world and dun
Waking, waxed many-coloured, full of sound,
As men again their heap of troubles found,
And woke up to their joy or musing."

Admetus, in his bereaved home, was heart-broken. He wept:
'How can I enter thee, dear home?
How dwell with lot so sadly changed?
Alas! the difference to me!
Not long ago, I brought her home
From Pelion's forest, dark with pine,
To sound of nuptial song and shout
Of cheery escort. hand-in-hand
With my sweet bride;
But now the voice of mourning shrills,
And garments black in place of white
Escort me."

Suddenly, he saw Hercules coming in with a veiled woman, whom he wished to leave in his friend's charge. But Admetus had no heart for the task. At the risk of being thought ungracious, he refused to befriend the lady. But Hercules insisted that he should be kind to her; he made him even take her by the right hand as a sign of friendship.

Then a miracle happened. The woman threw aside her veil; and lo, it was his very wife who stood before him, again alive and beautiful and gracious. Hercules had actually taken her from the arms of Death. Admetus cried out in wonder and joy; then he took his wife to his heart

"Oh! my beloved! sweetest face and form!
I hold thee, though ne'er dreamed to see thee more!"

And so all ended well. Hercules blessed them and went away, and a great feast was celebrated in gratitude, for "their lot had changed; the cloud had passed away."

"Man proposes, God disposes", says the proverb, and the Greek words echo the sentiment when they say,

> "The countless chances of our fate
> Oft unforseen results await;
> To hopes of mortals unfulfilled
> The Gods unlooked-for issue send."

KAMALA.

ON IDEALS.

IF you despise ideals, let me tell you that the one that has no ideals is like one that is blind, for ideals are our second eyes. A room without windows is exiled from light and air and does not fulfil the promise of a room. We live exiled from the breath of better things when we have no ideals, or when having ideals we do not hold them dear. It is said that man has reason and animals have none and that in this lies the chief difference between man and animals Perhaps, some animals can reason as well as some of us, but no animal has ever had any ideals to light its way to better things Our glory is our ideals, and our progress cannot stop as long as we remain sighing for silver moons from day to day. There is no perfection for us in the world, for nothing is ever so perfect that it cannot be a little better.

Dreams and ideals often seem to us so powerless and futile that we are led to wonder now and then why we should have them. Do not some very powerful things often seem to us to avail nothing at all?

We have all three lives, of yesterday; to-day and tomorrow. With many of us the demands of TO-DAY are so huge and imperative that they almost completely disallow those of yesterday and tomorrow. We have no time to look back or to look before, to read to-day from yesterday, to live to-day near tomorrow. So we live the life of TO-DAY, unenriched by the experiences of yesterday, and unencouraged by the possibilities of tomorrow. If we live to-day in yesterday, we only live a life of survival. If we live to-day lost in to-day, we only live a physical life, a practical life as it is often called by those who like to live it. If we live to-day in tomorrow, we live ahead of ourselves, so that we may live more fully. We live in the faith, that it is not time just yet to wind up our accounts and that the best is yet to be. Others may call us visionaries, but as long as we try to be better than ourselves it does not matter what names others call us. And might we not also remember that it is not so very necessary to forget to-day to live in tomorrow? If we can live the three lives, of yesterday, of to-day and of tomorrow together, we shall live abundantly.

But, if we cannot live the three lives together, let us not forget tomorrow lest we die, die even as we live. We might go to bed with idea's, to rise tomorrow with a new dawn breaking in our minds; for, if we should not have ideals, we rise every tomorrow into an unlighted and inhospitable day. Ideals are even more than the light and air of life. They are a part of life itself, when life is not robbed of its own

And, just as the playful children of to-day are the worthy citizens of tomorrow, so are the wakeful ide ls of to-day the good deeds and great actions of tomorrow. Never was a good edifice built but a builder had some dreams of a structure that might be. Silent as the stars that twinkle in the heavens so softly and are so powerful, ideals shine and call to us from far horizons of human life.

There is a stir, a strength, 'a forward push' in ideals, which we seldom care to know. There is a discontent with the reality of things in them, that will not rest till things are changed and, when they are changed, that will not rest till they become better still. For 'the divine discontent', that always impels us to rise higher and higher, is from these same ideals that we often dismiss with such lordly ease.

Who is the ideal man to whom our admiration goes forth of itself? Is he not always apparelled in ideals, one that rises above himself and others around him and stands alone calling others to come to him? Whatever our daily needs might be, and these are often cruel in all conscience, we always snatch a little leisure, a little precious rest to dream, to swing our over-encumbered souls to what we see beyond us. It is a great blessing that we can think better than what we are and that great men often arise from lowly and neglected places. Poverty now and then raises the highest spirits. Suffering often releases some hitherto unthought-of dream to change the face of things.

If we all have an ideal that sees far and strive after it, there is no reason why we should not be better than we are.

"AN IDEALIST".

LAZY, LAZY LOTOSES !

As smooth as glass,—
A tank.........Its bank
O'ergrown with palms
And wild fig trees.

I linger as I pass,
And, in that sheet of glass

I see the sky above,
Recorded far below.

I see the jungly bank
Reflected in the tank ;
Marge above,
As marge below.

And here and there the Lotos grows ;
Lotos pale and Lotos rose.

Snuggled on their pads, they lie,
Closed by night to stars and sky,
But in the early morn they peep,—
Their eyes still dreamy, roused from sleep.

A little while they just peep, peep,—
Not quite awake,—not quite asleep,
They blink..............They think...
They realize 'tis nearly morn in Tropic skies.

Tut ! Tut !.......... ....
They 're up. They 're wide awake.

A. C. McAllan-Munro.

THE SEASONS IN SOUTH INDIA.

TRADITIONALLY and theoretically, there are said to be six seasons in India, but only three working weather-periods can be discerned, the hot, the wet and the cool. Although impressive heat is the normal climatic lot of India, it is wrong to suppose that India has no seasons worth the name, or that it has only two seasons, the hot and the hotter India has a cold season; and, if any one doubts whether it has a wet season, he has only to witness the loud pomp and circumstance of the Monsoons to be convinced. The doubt is entertained very unnecessarily, in view of the fact that Indian seasons seldom attempt to play hide-and-seek, but proclaim themselves directly they are arrived. If they often render their arrival rather bombastically, it may be usefully remembered that an excess of virtue is not always a crime.

It will clarify the point, if we put the matter of the Indian seasons in a nutshell. The long summer is so long as to seem endless, but one day it stops short and the Monsoon breaks. Then, it is all rain for several weeks on end, and the eaves, exiled from sunshine, are continually running down with silver streams till they become tired of keeping the tumultuous waters from the house.

One morning, an instantaneous fog and dewy mist stands between the eyes and the rest of the world, and the winter season is come. The best proof that India has her own seasons is afforded by the Indian seasons themselves

The summer season in South India is so long that it often blots out of the memory of the other seasons. This is, perhaps, the origin of the occasional misconception that India enjoys, or better suffers, only one season hotter or less hot but always hot. It does not, however, prove that the other two seasons are imaginary but that the summer season is long, ambitious and occasionally even relentless. The air is sometimes on fire, inspired by a sinister heat. The horizons are simmering sands and the sky a threatening destiny hung over the earth. The emotions are hitched to boiling-point and even the little thermometer jumps so high as to forget the art of climbing down.

The earth is all an unblended thirst and the trees a tragedy of withered limbs and stricken leaves. The breezes have been banished the land and the brooks have been forbidden to murmur and flow. Look out through the window, perhaps you may happily see a solitary crow, a black speck, floating unbeaten on the ominous ocean of heat. Perhaps, also a gnarled mango-tree, about two-hundred years old, with a cluster of skinny branches and a quantity of still undefied leaves, stands yonder, a streak of smoke fluttering from a festival of fire.

It is the summer season ascended to its highest glory on both earth and sky, and the scalded human imagination is often unable to see that there is another season coming and that all things must have an end.

On the edge of the Monsoon, the sun, earth and air are yoked together in a fiery league. The hardiest blade of grass is at its last gasp. The curtain comes down upon this scene with dramatic suddenness. The clouds come before we can even say they are coming. The skies are changed as if by magic. The sun is gone, as if it has tumbled into a pit in its imperial orbit. This is the annual war of the elements, and heaven and earth embrace each other in liquid hostility. The ocean heaves, as it were, in the background of the battlefield, and the maddened surge leaps mountain-high.

When, in the *Cloud-messenger*, the greatest of India's poets, Kalidasa, celebrated the Monsoon, the annual outburst of the Indian rainy season was probably a far more wonderful phenomenon than it is to-day. The grand levee of the clouds, the intermittent applauses of thunder pouring their approbations on the intentions of the clouds, the twisted lightnings that afford illumination to the assembly, and the impatient storms that cry to the skies to dissolve

and deluge the earth, are, it is true, all known to us and also continue to appeal to the poetic mind, but there is a fear now and then disturbing retrospective folk that the Monsoon is perhaps past its middle age. And the fear is often given point to by the behaviour of the Monsoon itself. It occasionally comes early or late and having come also occasionally forgets to go on. It sometimes leaves before its time and the cultivators complain loudly. It is probably a groundless fear, for the Monsoon can well be co-equal with time. However that may be, there is no doubt that the Monsoon is still the greatest annual event for India and whoever or whatever might rule her politically the Monsoon is bound to remain her federal emperor for all time.

When the Monsoon is in full swing, what a wonderful land is India! The oceans roll and heave to the sky in a rhythmic universal dance; the thousand streams swell and leap over the land and fling themselves into the remote villages of peace, slumber and dream. Look at the house-tops, how they sway under the storms and thunder, while the inmates huddle together, frightened and gladdened. A million frogs assemble in the swollen fields, to send forth an endless uproar of mingled fear and joy.

All things change at the behest of the Monsoon. The earth becomes young again. The rivers recover themselves. The trees put on their holiday attire. The forests are filled with the whispering of new life. Even men and women change.

Precise pedestrians suffer much by the lash of the rain, their correctness is blown to pieces and they return home gathering the wrecks of their integrity. Women suffer beyond words. They come out when it looks 'set fair' and pay dearly for their folly. The Monsoon is a rogue and springs upon them from its ambush. The fragile little umbrellas they put up turn to foam and spray, and nobody seems to care what happens to them. Nobody cares what happens to the dozen children that huddle together under a single umbrella and know not where to find a shelter from the tumbling skies.

But the rains also clothe the land with unceasing green, and one day the cycle of sudden changes brings the season of dew and cold. The sun does not go much north in South India, but he does go, and that makes some difference between the Monsoon months and the Winter season, so that one cannot easily know South India in dew and fog, if one has had familiarity with it only during the scudding drifts of the wet season. Let it not then be doubted that even in South India, next door to the Equator as it is, there is a winter season.

It comes in the night with its gift of sparkling dew and shrinking chill. An abrupt humidity, involving even the disc of the sun, overtakes earth and air, and blankets acquire an unwonted

use. Old people swathe their heads in wraps, for the ancient humour-therapy of South India solemnly avers that the vulnerable part of the human body is above the shoulders. It is only the women-folk that at all dare to look winter in the face; but the cocoanut-oil in their cupboard turns to snow and this is a change for which they are not always prepared. They however, continue to bathe early still

The cold of South Indian winters may not strip the trees, but it is cold enough to clog the wheels of life. Even at midday, when the sun makes an effort to attain to his former intensity, the invisible spirit of the winter stirs in the air, spoiling his game for him.

At this time, there are no harvests to reap. Fruits have come to a stop. The whispering winds in the trees are benumbed and birds have forgotten their songs. The air bears fevers; and old men sleep guarded by fire. It is the season of mortality in South India, but one day the king of cold quits the land, and birds and breezes and men and women renew their old joyous activities. Summer is happily *still* a little way off, *only* a little way off, for without the summer the seas cannot ascend to the skies, to give India year after year her agriculture and her life.

N. K. VENKATESWARAN.

COLLECTIVE AND GROUP POWERS MUST PROVE THEIR HUMAN ENDS

THE further I go in my studies and observations, the more assured I become that the fundamental ground of human conflict in all phases and aspects grows out of the failure to recognize some truths which a well-known psychologist has spoken about.

"The assurance of our importance in the universe, so necessary to peace, is the greatest urge in life. We must be convinced of our entities. We want a kind of witness that whatever else is transitory we as individuals exist. We need a sense of security that shall declare for us the continuance of our growth and expansion. No matter what materialists say, knowledge of how this certainty of selfhood may be established is the most important practical question in Life. And no amount of doing, however wise or successful, will ever mean much to us, if this central question of our being is not fulfilled.

No one can successfully win our allegiance, if we are treated by them as mere lumps of matter to be shaped to their will. Yet

strangely enough much of the time this has been the common attitude. Business leaders in the last century held it, treating labour as they might a machine, and lost millions from strikes Statesmen have held it, and in the end have been victims of rebellion. Parents have held it, and precipatated the revolt of modern Youth. Husbands have held it, and brought feminism upon their heads All those in any age, who have absorbed themselves in focus upon externals, forgetful of Woman's and Man's inherent impulses, have in the end a new practicality by the destruction of their blind dominion.

In all this drama is the need for identity. It is the starting point of human nature. In the centre of loneliness within us, we breed all our dissatisfaction and restless discontent Failure to recognize it makes divorce of marriage, and wild sons and impudent daughters of our children; tears down states and burns altars to ashes; ridicules ancient customs, shatters laws and makes prohibitions useless.

The drive for identity, the need in the human spirit to prove its individuality, somehow, somewhere, in some way, to solace the loneliness of the heart by guaranteeing the significance of its selfhood, is unconquerable.

The husband, who treates a wife as a convenient extension of his own ego, either angers or loses her. His loss may come in that she is submerged into insignificance, and becomes a colourless appendage. Human nature is a growing thing, expanding as long as health and vigor last. If upward expansion is denied, the inpulsive energy seeks a downward outlet; it is the same with the identity urge As normally this is the germ from which all achievement springs, the motive power behind love, and the impulse which stirs the individual into useful expression; so is it, when denied good outlets, the dynamic behind that self-centredness that we know as egotism and pride.

A full application of the idea of identity would revolutionize the world, for it touches upon every core of the living problem. Basicly, there is but one social problem—how may we satisfactorily maintain our ego and yet keep it from interfering with other lives?"

This is the very psychological core of our social problem. Conflict in every phase of history and human life has risen over this Nature-given right and demand Every revolutionary change, taking form in collective action, finds its source of strength from every individual inspired by the hope of individual fulfilment And yet in the very methods of collective action always rise those forces that again tyranize and oppress. Again and again this has occured in history. Why? Because social leaders through collective mass action create a gravity toward an artificial and ambiguous end, instead of continually focussing the individual end. In every nation of

the West today, particularly Russia, Italy, and America, are growing social, political, economic, and scientific theories and organisms, whose ends, though abstract and remote, are paramount over immediate individual needs. Instead of preserving and protecting the growth of Woman and Man, they are submerging their identities and exploiting their energy for artificial collective organisms, which always result in coming under the control of the scheming few.

Everett Dean Martin, in his Meaning of a Liberal Education, well states this eternal issue. "Where the ideals of the educated mind prevail, there is a general gain in freedom through increased mastery. But education is only genuine in an atmosphere of freedom. It must wander where *truth* leads Freedom is always freedom, for something from the crushweight of authority and tradition, from meddlesome interference, and from the oppression of self-judgment in religion. When education is not liberalizing, it is not really education, but a highly-systematized species of propaganda In America, we now see that democracy does not guarantee liberty. The government shows a decreasing respect for the immunities of the individual. Crowd movements spread intolerance and are ever demanding more strict regulations in matters of personal conduct Each majority tends to regard itself as the sovereign will and play the tyrant, all in t e name of liberty. Each millitant minority and struggling group in society seeks by hook or crook to capture the machinery of law and force its will upon the public; and, in the efforts to make their own group will the sovereign will, the members of each group persuade themselves that by resisting restraint they are fighting for liberty A spirit of factiousness spreads through the community, restriction and regulations increase and multiply, all in the exercise of crowd-liberty. Men and women become free, only as they achieve self-government. I take it that men and women govern themselves to the degree that they act on their own judgment. Freedom thus presupposes first that people are capable of judging things for themselves, and second, that they be permitted to do so If the progress of democracy resulted in fewer laws and wiser laws, we should in time have self-government. But the reverse is the case: the extension of democracy brings about extension of the powers of government and the multiplication of foolish laws. It does not follow that people's judgment is improved, because they can vote about more and more things. You do not decide things for yourself when everything is submitted to a referendum or regulation by legislature (A fallacy too many Western feminists make). Any man or woman has liberty when they have a voice in the government of the land. They have freedom when they act on their own initiative in governing themselves. And their freedom may be prevented either by lack of judgment or by outside interference. Education must improve judgment and lessen the need for outside interference. 'If thou knowest what

MISS GIAN DEVI

Aged 10 years, who was given the first prize for needlework, at the Jalsa Girls' School, Solan.

Photo: Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

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Mrs. Parvatibai Karnik.

President of the Congress Svayam Sevka Sangh, Bombay.

Photo: R. V. Rao, Srirangam

thou doest, blessed art thou, stated Jesus.

How can Woman or Man become ideal and well-disciplined co-partners, unless they have some concrete visualization? How can priesthoods prove their doctrines of individual perfection, unless they themselves practice it? Government must come to mean distribution of opportunity for each to rule themselves. And the ideal leadership is that which exemplifies by example. None have under stood this better than Buddha, Jesus, and Gandhi. Every medium, that has as its end this service, must function as one of objective outlet. A social order must have models, and I hold that the great lesson that Greek sculpture and religion holds for us, is that it attempted to symbolize human virtues in the form of Woman and Man, endeavoring to impress psychologically upon the masses a likeness which all might become. In that age, philosophers attempted to be—rather than to preach. Thus the Human Being became the centre of social gravity. And if it is true that we wish always as normal beings to identify ourselves with models that exemplify greatness, human kindness and tolerance, to be as much like them as possible, then here we have a brief but sound truth of great magnitude for every parent, teacher, leader, and governor.

No one has been able to prove successfully, yet every urge of our being does it, that there is no greater purpose in life more sane, human, concrete, than that completing of our growth to its fullest. If we have a divine purpose in life, it is the task of perfecting ourselves and producing those conditions that make it possible for all to do likewise. That the State, family, or any other abstract collective pover has prior rights over the individual, is a false premise. Woman and man precede these artifical ends and growths, that derive their powers only if they consent.

The great mistake of feminists in the West has been the attempt to establish their identity through a growing multiplicity of organizations, numbers, and by law and politics exclusively. This is an amazing fallacy. How can a sound alteration in the status of Woman take place without a complete and new philosophy of life—a new purpose for the existence of Woman and Man, unless they are objectively focused as doing it together? Hundreds of women's organizations cannot alter the status of Woman, as long as the every-day man continues to regard Woman th ough the same old vision. Unless w· take time to make an analysis of the spirit, which premeates all group relations, we cannot understand the dangers of the "melting pot," into which every group falls Therefore, I make the following conclusions to assist this end,—

(1) The majority join and boast of their allegiance to a group for gain, prestige, or if ambitious, with the hope of getting control

of it; or being too lazy to think for themselves, find such an attachment the greatest asset in helping them float through life with the least individual accomplishment.

(2) No genius has ever been produced from a group, or been inspired by it His inspiration has always come from within himself.

(3) The inter-change in a mature group is between personalities, or in the pitting of one's idea against another—not with the spirit of proving its value—but to defeat the other personality In student groups, ideas are handed down from the past in order to propagate fixed conditions. But, rarely in any kind of groups—art, literary, educational, political, or forum—are ideas brought into focus, whereby they automatically produce their own conclusions.

(4) Groups instigate antagonizing competition without and within.

(5) Ideas, thought, creative thinking, do not come from the type of group organization, or its declared ideals primarily, or from personalities, but from the ability of the latter to set forth clearly analysis, co-ordinate facts, and the nature of the realities of the problem with which a group is concerned.

(6) Business groups are the most efficient and productive in handling ideas. Business groups get together with others in their own field for the exchange of ideas. And in spite of the fact, that corporations are controlled by dictators, there is more chance for individual expression and growth in the ranks, a greater sportsmanship in actual effort, than in professional groups.

(7) Groups will never justify their existence, as long as they are anti-democratic, introverted, and repressive, as well as exploitive of the Nature-given rights of the individual to fully identify their worth.

(8) Group leadership in the future must learn to function with and inspire the creative powers of Woman and Man Group and collective action cannot justify its existence, unless it immediately exchanges a contribution with the individual.

(9) Justice has grown in conformity to individual merit, and broken down in every civilization, when the laws and repressions of the groups of the age become greater. Democracy can only go forward—Man to Man—Man to Woman—Woman to Man

NAPOLEON BERNARD.

HEREAFTER.

(To M. D.)

Oh! in the twilight of after-years
You'll sit in solitude, and think and dream

Of other days' remember'd joys; when tears
  Unshed, upon your eye-lids softly gleam,—
O then, across the dark of drifting time,
  When you stretch forth your trembling hands to me,
Perchance, somewhere, in ectasy sublime,
  In winds, or stars, or on the eternal sea,
My spirit freed from its encumbering clay
  May hover still upon the tide of years,
Unseen, yet patient till your little day
  Reaches its c'ose, and you are past all fears.

Dear, lonely wanderer, past all earthly pain,—
How happy we shall be to meet again!

E. H. D'ALWIS.

A SAINT OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

MORE than a thousand years had passed since the introduction of the Christian religion into the west; but Europe was still steeped in darkness and barbarism Most of the people were cruel, selfish and treacherous, tearing and devouring each other perpetually and making the destruction of men, man's work and man's food, their usual occupation. It seemed as if fighting, plundering and slaying had become quite fixed and unalterable. But side by side with lords of anarchy and violence stood champions of law, morality and religion, who thought it their duty to battle with the exhuberant animalism of the age and to tame it and drill it by all the means they could, into moderation and reflection. Prominent among these champions was St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who was born in the year 1091 and died in 1153.

Bernard's father was a knight and vassal of the Duke of Burgundy. He was not a mere fighting baron. With the valour of a warrior, he combined the piety of a monk, a combination not rare in the Middle Ages. He had a fitting partner in life, an earnest, loving and devout woman whose sole occupation in life was to exercise charity of the most practical kind in her neighbourhood, seeking out the poor and nursing the sick. Self-sacrifice and holiness were her ideal and she strove after it by being abstemious in food and simple in dress and by fasting, prayer and vigils She bore her husband seven children, six sons and a daughter. All her boys she offered to the Lord as soon as they were born. She died when Bernard was passing from boyhood to youth; and in her lifetime, she had the satisfaction of beholding her son fulfilling her hopes by his proficiency in school. Bernard was studious and retiring and was "marvellously cogitative". He was also filled

with zeal and ambition and vigorously competed with his rivals in verses and repartees.

After his mother's death, Bernard had to choose his occupation in life. To a young and zealous spirit, the choice in those days lay between a life of struggle, violence and wickedness and a life of sober and self-denying labour. Bernard had tried a secular life for some years and had begun to "mediate flight." The world in which he lived was fierce; but thoughtful and refined natures like his could escape from it and find a haven of comfort and shelter elsewhere. There were abbeys and priories around, the doors of which were open to those men who were ready to escape from turmoil and confusion. But Bernard's friends and brothers were opposed to his intentions. They were convinced that although he was too delicate and fragile to make a knight, a better life was open to him than that of a monk He could be a disputer. William of Champeaux, celebrated throughout France for his admirable Dialectics, had entered the lists with a young rival, once his disciple, and the two were having a tournament as ferocious as any mailed knights could exhibit But Bernard's spiritual tendencies were too strong to yield. The prospect held up by his friends and brothers was, in his view, only as pleasant as the fruit of that "forbidden tree whose mortal taste has brought death into the world and all our woe". He made up his mind to enter the monastic life. Gathering a company of about thirty persons, he retired into seclusion with them for six months and then knocked at the gate of the Monastery of Citeaux for admission. In gathering his company, he exerted such force of eloquence that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends" lest they should become his captives. He succeeded in converting his brothers; but with his sister, Humbeline, his attempts failed at the beginning. When years later, he was the abbot of Clairvaux, Humbeline appeared at the gate of the abbey with the pomp and retinue of a feudal lady to meet him. But he refused to meet her, cursing her as "a net of the devil to catch souls." Humbeline then, moved to tears, submitted he self to the command of her brother, who ordered her to lay aside her vanities and imitate her mother. She changed her life instantaneously, to the astonishment of her neighbours and ended her days as a nun in a convent.

Citeaux was one of the abbeys in Burgundy. But unlike the others which were sumptuous and wealthy, it was poor and very nearly wretched. When Bernard entered, it was in a famine-stricken condition under the management of Stephen Harding, an Englishman possessed of a practical and penetrating mind. Life in Citeaux was very austere, but to Bernard's zeal and spirit of mortification, it was inadequate. He passed his days in contemplation, fasting and vigils. Nature was his spiritual guide and he

was accustomed to say that trees and mountains and valleys taught him the word of God.

The arrival of Bernard and his thirty companions proved a turning point in the history of the abbey. The monastery grew in fame Men came in large numbers from curiosity and a desire to scoff; but most of those who had come as scoffers chose to remain there as monks. In a short time, it was found necessary to look out for the means of establishing an off-shoot. Stephen entrusted this task to young Bernard and sent him out with twelve disciples After hard travel for a fortnight, Bernard fixed his abode in a valley. He spent two months in clearing the valley and rearing a shelter. For some time, food and clothes were hard to find. But soon the difficulties were over and the foundation was laid to the abbey, with which his name stands associated in history.

For fifteen years from the date of the foundation of Clairvaux in 1115, Bernard passed his days quietly in retirement. But all the same, his power and influence spread slowly and steadily. He wrote remarkable sermons, which won for him the title of the Last of the Fathers. He was indefatigable in writing letters of advice to all sorts of persons, "from kings and princesses down to poor virgins," on all kinds of subjects "ranging from the most elevated and spiritual raptures on the welfare of the soul down to the stealing of pigs". Thus he sowed the seed of that authority and estimation, which necessitated before long his guiding every important event that happened in the church. Much against his will, he became indispensable to those who were around him. He had to play a prominent part in putting down a wide-spread schism, in vanquishing a famous and formidable heretic, and in preaching the second crusade.

Pope Honorius II died in February 1130. Two men were nominated to the papal chair under the titles of Innocent II and Anacletus II. Anacletus was the more powerful of the two, took possession of the church of St. Peter and drove Innocent to such straits that Innocent fled to France. The King of France held a council to discuss fully the respective claims of hostile popes. To this council, Bernard was invited in a special manner. Everybody looked up to Bernard for judgment, and when he pronouned it in favour of Innocent, it was received as a pronouncement from God himself. The council broke up praising God and vowing obedience to Innocent. The accepted Pope then moved northwards, where he met Henry I of England with a great retinue of nobles and bishops. While Henry was hesitating to decide, Bernard appeared before him. The wisest soldier statesman of his age and the greatest monk out of all the cloisters of Christendom stood face to face urging and disputing. Ultimately, the man of meditation triumphed over the man of action. The old knight yielded to the

young priest by acknowledging Innocent's supremacy. The support of the two western sovereigns having been won, there remained the Emperor of Germany still to be captured. Innocent moved on with a goodly company of bishops and cardinals accompanied by Bernard The Emperor could not be won over easily Bernard confronted him and reduced him to the acceptance of Innocent. After over a year's travel, Innocent returned to Rome, accompanied by Bernard. Anacletus still remained powerful there and consequently Innocent withdrew to Pisa where he had to wait for two years patiently, until the vigorous agitation and eloquence of Bernard could establish him on the papal throne. In the meantime, Bernard returned to his abbey after an absence of four years. His friends and monks were overjoyed at his return. He was regarded as a super-holy man. Wherever he passed, the shepherds came from their hills and the rustics from their fields to behold him and obtain his blessings. "When they had caught sight of him, they returned to their huts, conversing and rejoicing with one another that they had seen God."

On their way to meet the Emperor of Germany, Innocent and Bernard came across a man, with whose name all Europe was ringing at the time. Bernard had already heard of him as breaking his lance with the old veteran, William of Champeaux in disputation. The anathema of the Church had already once fallen on him, and it was to fall again before long under the direction of Bernard himself! At the end of the year 1139, Bernard was informed—"Peter Abelard is again teaching novelties, again writing about them. His books pass the seas, cross the Alps; his new notions and dogmas about the faith are carried through kingdom and province; they are preached before many and as freely defended, insomuch that they are reported even to have influence at the court of Rome." The church was in danger and the Abbot of Clairvaux felt that he ought to do all in his power to arrest the progress of this great plague He appealed to Pope, cardinals, bishops and princes to join him in killing the heresy. Nothing daunted, Abelard challenged Bernard to meet him. Bernard hesitated and then refused. "When all fly before his face, he selects me, the least, for single combat", was Bernard's complaint. He feared he was but a child, while his opponent had been a man of war from his youth. But his friends would not accept his refusal. At last he yielded and went forth to meet Abelard, trusting to the great promise, "Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." The two combatants, the foremost of the day, met at Sens. Abelard came with a troop of disciples, but found himself in the midst of unsympathetic men who thought he poisoned the very air around him, had converse with the devil and marched towards hell, deliberately turning away from heaven. Bernard came with but two or three monks ; but many

of the men in the assembly worshipped him and regarded him as a child of light, a man of God come to face the fiend ond overthrow him. Abelard became helpless. He knew he would not fare well at the hands of such a crowd and his subtlety and eloquence would be lost on them "In a pulpit which was in existence up to the time of the French Revolution stood Bernard holding before him the incriminated work of Abelard. He read or caused to be read the passages he had marked for reproof, explanation or condemnation. But the lecture had hardly begun when to the speechless astonishment of all, Abelard rose up, said he refused to hear more or answer any questions; he appealed to Rome and at once left the assembly." Thereupon, he was pronounced a heretic, deserving of a perpetual condemnation and severe punishment. His appeal to Rome remaining unnoticed, he decided to go to Rome and obtain an equitable judgment from the Pope. On his way, he rested at the abbey of Clunny whose abbot was a man of gentle and affectionate nature. The Abbot by his love converted his turbulent and audacious guest into a humble monk and reconciled him to Bernard.

Bernard was now fifty-five years of age. He looked old for his years. Eight years of worry, caused by the rivalry of Anacletus II with Innocent II and his fierce combat with Abelard, broke down his health considerably. But he was soon summoned to a task more heavy than he had ever performed in all his previous life. The first crusade against the Turks brought about by the trumpet voice of Peter the Hermit ended in triumph for the Christians and defeat for the Turks. Nearly half a century had passed and now prosperity and adversity produced their usual results. While the Christians, puffed up by victory, became careless and disunited, the Mohammadans chastened by defeat became vigilant and united. The heirs of the first crusaders succeeded to their fathers' possessions, but not to their abilities. Emir Zenghis, who had had a long apprenticeship in the school of adversity and hard experience, laid siege to the fortress of Edessa and captured it. The victory of Zenghis was regarded as a public calamity in Europe and Bernard was charged to come out, in spite of his age and preach a second crusade against the infidels. On the declivity of a hill overlooking a plain, Bernard spoke to an enormous throng of nobles and peasants. A murmur rose from the crowd, which soon grew into a loud shout of 'crosses, crosses!' Crosses were scattered broadcast from a large sheaf, which had been brought for the purpose. They were soon exhausted and Bernard had to tear up his monk's cowl to satisfy the demand. The crusade failed and the two monarchs who had undertaken the expedition returned to Europe deeply dejected, after suffering many disastrous defeats. The public held Bernard responsible for the failure, but Bernard himself saw in it the judgment of God

Four years of physical infirmity had passed since the failure of the second crusade, when Bernard implored his monks not to detain him any longer in this world by their prayers The marvellous intellect, which had shaped many questions and events in Europe, had been impairing slowly A cousin came to talk business, but marvelled to find the mighty mind wandering. "Marvel not," said the saint, "I am no longer of this world"; and saying thus, he closed his dove-like eyes.

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

TO THE CAGED BIRD.

Why dost thou flutter thy wings so violently and break forth into piercing notes, oh, poor little Bird ? Thou art trying in vain to attract the attention of thy mate in the woods, freely chirping sweet melodies of freedom, love and happiness. He thinketh not of thy sad plight in his enjoyment, he heareth not thy pitiful cries and he hath not the power to save thee even if he doth hear thee.

Oh, thou triest to fly to him, dost thou ? Poor, poor, Bird ! thou dost not know that thou art caged and that thy attempts to escape are all in vain. Thine is a cage of iron bars and to get out of it is useless to try. Flutter not thy wings, little Bird ! Peck not at the iron bars so hard ! for all thy attempts are fruitless. Thy lamentations will but little soften the hearts of thy captors ; so lament not, lament not so, dear little Bird !

As for thy captors, they caged thee, poor Bird, not because they do not love thee, but love thee too fondly. Oh ! care you not for the great love and attention with which they bathe thee, feed thee and keep thee safe from thine enemies ? No ! I see thou carest more for thy freedom and liberation. But lament not thou, miserable Bird ! for thou wilt only lose thereby.

Think not that thy mate will come to thy help, for he heareth you not. Keep quiet, my Bird ! else thy captors take note of thy attempts and take measures to bind thee down with chains. Wait, wait in hope and faith, my poor dear Bird! For, a time might come when thou wilt find the doors of thy cage left open by chance. Then and only then, canst thou hope to get thy liberation from bondange. Depend not on the help of thy mate and hope not to break open thy cage too soon, but wait, wait, and wait patiently till thy time comes.

BHARATHI.

THE LUCKY WIFE.

THAT a young man with a present-day education will have advanced ideas goes without saying, which may even be right and proper and to a great extent justifiable; but that he should endeavour to carry them out into practice is really appreciable and, when it comes to that, the community must certainly congratulate him on his courage.

Mr. Allapuram Suryanarayana Balakrishna, B. A., came to the grand city of Madras for his M. A. course and by chance he met his old classmate and friend Lakshminarayana, a law-student, in one of the streets in George Town. They both were badly in need of a decent room and after a careful survey of many rooms in that conjested locality, they fixed upon one spacious apartment upstairs, which satisfied their requirements.

Balakrishna began his studies right earnestly from the very commencement of the academic year. He devoted only an hour in the evening to tennis, though he was a keen sportsman.

One fine morning, Balakrishna, as usual, dressed in a plain cotton suit and started for college When he came downstairs, he met the landlord's daughter, a young and handsome girl of sixteen. Her complexion was attractive Her dress was neat and fashionable. Her dark curly hair, dressed in a simple manner, added considerable charm to the beauty which nature had lavished on her. He looked at her well and she too looked at him. Balakrishna could not help admiring her charming appearance and wished he could have such a girl as his wife As a matter of fact, he began to view the question very seriously as how to court her. In the class, he spent his time that day in admiring her attractive beauty. He was sorry, of course, for not following his professor's lecture. But, though he tried, he could not concentrate upon it. Indeed, he did not even enjoy the usual pleasant talk with the classmates who accompanied him to his room, after the lectures for the day.

Therefore, he felt himself obliged to find a way to solve the problem of winning her hand. At times, he began to argue within himself in this manner: "How can I get the girl? The mere fact that I am a B. A. is not quite enough If I pass the M A with good distinctions and qualify myself for the L. T., perhaps, I may be eligible for a decent appointment in the Government service as a lecturer in a College. So, let me work hard now. Even then my chances for marrying her are not much, for I belong to an entirely different caste. And there are a number of practical difficulties in the way."

He cleverly gathered some information about her family through her brother, a small boy of twelve. His landlord, a man fond of mixing with educated people now and then, came upstairs for a

small chat with the two young students; moreover, Balakrishna was subscribing to a newspaper and it was the habit of the landlord to come up and read for a few minutes, every day very regularly By nature Balakrishna was very courteous to everyone and particularly now to his obliging landlord. They often discussed politics. The landlord was a gainer to some extent by such discussions, which added to his general knowledge on various things. Thus Balakrishna cultivated a fine friendship with the old man. He was now and then invited to dinner by him, and gradually he began to move with the others like a member of the family.

But the other student Lakshminarayana, a Brahmin also by caste, was absorbed in his own studies. He never cared to give a thought as to why Balakrishna was moving so closely with the landlord, who was different in caste from his room-mate.

The landlord's daughter had her own admiration for Balakrishna for many reasons. First, he was a fairly handsome young man. Secondly, he was a B. A. and a prospective M. A. Thirdly, he was exceedingly obliging to her father in enlightening him with first-class information about the current politics of this extensive presidency. Fourthly, he was a fine gentleman and always dressed very stylishly like any up-to-date man.

Her name was Padmavathi, a name given to her by her late mother in a moment of sentiment. Padmavathi gradually came to regard Balakrishna with great affection, though there was no chance for her to express her sentiments towards him. As we know, among the high-class Hindus it is not the custom for a young and unmarried girl to talk even on business with a young man, who is not her near relative. But she did her best in other ways. Her cooking was fairly good and Balakrishna's casual remarks about it so pleased her, that she now and then took courage to send a small quantity of nicely-prepared food to him by her servant-maid But surely, such a thing would not have taken place, if her mother had been alive, or if there had been any elderly lady member in the house Her fond father gave her full power in his small household, which she managed pretty well for her age and experience. But he was ignorant of her kindness to the young student. The deplomatic servant-woman, on her part, handed over the preparations to Balakrishna, saying that her mistress had ordered them to be given to him. This was quite enough for the keen young Balakrishna to infer that the young lady regarded him with a certain amount of affection. The servant-maid was now and then given a present of an anna or two. And at last Balakrishna boldly said to her: "Hullo! I note your young mistress is very kind to me in sending me all these dainties. And I am thankfully accepting them; kindly ask her if she is willing to marry me." This proceeding sounds exceedingly bold, but as a

matter of fact, the shrewd servant-maid had expected such a question from Balakrishna and she smiled heartily at him. She was careful to give the message to her young mistress. In reply, Padmavathi smiled, exceedingly pleased. So the next time, when the servant-woman had a chance to go to Balakrishna, he asked her: "Well, what did your mistress say?" And the maid replied: "Sir, she said nothing, but smiled"

So Balakrishna now understood that Padmavathi loved and respected him. He thanked his stars for his preliminary success. And yet he had his doubts whether a legal marriage between him and his beloved Padmavathi would ever be possible. The difference in caste stood as an obstacle in the way. How was he to solve the problem? He gave some thought to this for some days At last, he went to a clever astrologer, for he had a great belief in astrology, and asked him if he would get the girl whom he loved. The astrologer, after careful calculations, stated that he would surely succeed in his object and that too without much difficulty. This gave Balakrishna a sort of encouragement to approach her father about the marriage question.

One day, Balakrishna went to a bookshop to purchase a book, and his attention was drawn towards some attractive illustrated story books for children in English. Obeying a sudden whim, he purchased a copy of the Arabian Nights, beautifully illustrated, which he presented to Padmavathi's brother, who had now and then obliged him with small services, such as posting a letter, etc. A week after presenting him with the book, Balakrishna asked the small boy how he liked it. To that, he eplied: "Sir, before I began to read it, my sister took it and read it. Only yesterday she gave it back to me."

This happy incident made young Balakrishna purchase regularly such books once a month. He was pleased with his good luck in finding a way to present her with nice books indirectly. His monthly allowance from his home was barely enough for his needs, and yet he carefully managed to spend a couple of rupees on his book-purchases.

Things went on quietly in such a manner for two years, and Balakrishna passed his M. A. in the second class (surely some distinction). Now he was wavering as to how to approach his landlord on such a delicate subject as an intercaste marriage. At last, he determined to open the question And one day he said to him very seriously: "Sir, I wish to ask you something important, and I hope you will not get offended with me." The landlord was a bit surprised and wondered what he was going to ask him. He told the student to ask his question and the latter suddenly shot his bolt. "Sir, would you mind giving your daughter to me? It is now nearly two years, since you became acquainted with me, and you should know me well."

The landlord, a man of forty years, was greatly astonished at Balakrishna's boldnes in asking such a thing and said calmly: "Well Sir, where is the possibility for a marriage between two different castes! Do you consider it an easy affair? For my part, I really wonder if it is practical."

"Well Sir, why not? You are one who sympathises with India's aspirations for Swaraj, and you have said that there must be no communal distinctions at all, if there is to be unity among Indians. We have spent many a pleasant hour in discussing such questions and yet you are now quite against putting the thing into action"

"It is not that I am unwilling to put the thing into action. But I must see if all my caste-men will approve of the proposal Without them, I cannot get on in this world."

"Sir, in the beginning you may find some difficulties. But people will gradually realise that much good will come out of such a marriage. You will be admired for your courage in putting the thing into action. In fact, you will become a pioneer in your community."

The poor man was practically in a dilemma and tried his best to get out of it. But Balakrishna caught hold of him like a leech. It so happened that two excellent offers for his daughter's hand had been refused lately, because of the huge sums demanded as dowry, which it was not within the reach of Padmavathi's father to pay. Things were getting difficult for him. His daughter had openly expressed her desire to marry Balakrishna for his many excellent qualities, in spite of the fact that he belonged to a different caste. Her father had waited for two years to find an educated and well-to-do son-in-law in his own caste, but in vain. Moreover, he knew that his daughter had an extraordinary will of her own and she flatly refused to marry any other than Balakrishna. And Balakrishna was a man, who never cared for any dowry. At last, the old man was obliged to accept the student as a possible husband for his beloved daughter.

While matters were in this state, Balakrishna went to his native place, a small town to open the subject of his marriage with his mother, a widow, who commanded much respect for her piety and capabilities in that small town.

"What! you seem to have changed in a wonderful manner, after having gone and stayed for two years in a city like Madras! Surely you did not entertain such radical ideas when you were here and also at Sholapalli for your B A. course. Do you really dare to ask my permission to marry a girl from a different caste? Ah! strange! strange!"

"Mother, what is the harm in it? It will be a good thing if intermarriages between different sub-sects take place. Then and

Mrs. L. R. Zutshi.

7th *Dictator* of the Punjab War Council, who has been put into prison for six months.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

JNCVINAS

Srimathi Urmila Devi Sastri.

Captain of the Lady Satyagrahi Volunteers, who has been imprisoned for six months.

Photo : Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

then only will there be a better understanding and friendly relationship between different castes. I shall be a gainer in many respects".

"Indeed, in what ways?"

"So far as I know I don't think there is any girl among our relatives equal to the one whom I have in view, for beauty and worth."

"So, for the sake of beauty and worth, you want to boycott our caste girls? Surely that is very unfair of you".

Balakrishna was silent for a few minutes and then said: "If at all I marry, I shall marry no other girl, but her"

"I am really very sorry to note that you have become very stubborn. You have no respect for your mother's advice. It is really very strange.".

"I shall marry no other girl, mother."

"Well, my boy, you are quite young and inexperienced although you have passed your M. A. Don't marry a girl from a different caste, but like a good boy marry the one whom I shall select for you. Then you will be perfectly happy".

"I am sorry, mother. I cannot please you in this respect. I have been longing to marry her for the last two long years."

The old mother saw that it was an impossible affair to change his views; yet asked him to consider the question for some days, or even for some months.

"Mother, if our limited and backward community wants to make any progress, we should first have liberal views on our social customs. Then and then only can we hope for any tangible progress."

"I cannot, nor do I care to, understand your wonderful arguments. You are sufficiently grown up to know whether a marriage from a different caste is good or bad. Anyhow, you seem to be mad after that girl. Perhaps, she has thrown some spell over you. Therefore, you can have your own way. But I say, I shall not attend the marriage If I do, I shall lose my status in our community and also among our relatives."

Balakrishna requested his mother to think over the affair for a month; but even after a month she never changed her views. So, he began to prepare for his marriage. Padmavathi's father was exceedingly unwilling, though he knew that he would not be happy at home with his daughter, if he went against her wish. Now she was really happy and hoped that the marriage would take place without any delay.

At last, it took place. Balakrishna was very glad at having won the girl whom he had loved for two long years. But his mother did not care to grace the occasion with her presence.

Now, his anxiety was to secure a decent appointment. He tried in many places for a lectureship in a College, but there was some difficulty in obtaining one that suited him. Poor man! He found his position a bit awkward. While he was in such an anxious state of mind, his wife's maternal uncle, Rao Bahadur V. Parthasarathy, a pleader, a big landlord and the Chairman of the Pandasapuram Municipality, came to his help. He liked Balakrishna for his liberal views on social reforms. He was a man of much influence with many high European officials. Having come to know that there were vacancies in one of the leading Banks of the Presidency in the officers' grade, he wrote a commendation to the Managing Director, who was his personal friend and who was much obliged to him.

The gentleman in question, in his interview with Balakrishna, was impressed by his personality and said: "Certainly, I shall do what lies in my power. You are being recommended by my good old friend, who worked with me at Vizagapatam".

After two months, Balakrishna was appointed a probationary Assistant Manager in the Junior Scale, with prospects of being confirmed after six months on a higher pay. This really happened, and the work during his probationary period was much appreciated' He was likely to become an efficient officer. His envious relatives, who had once condemned him, were now good and kind to him, His style of living became considerably more comfortable than that. which he had enjoyed under his paternal roof. He rented a decent upstair house. Elegant furniture and artistic pictures adorned it. He purchased a gramaphone, a camera, a pair of binoculars and a violin to amuse himself with in his leisure hours. He formed a small library in his house to delight him on any holiday. A motor cycle with a side-car enabled him to take his wife out for a drive on some evenings; life to him was a real joy. The quality of food, which he ate, was decidely superior to that which he had had in his mother's house. So materially even, there could be no regret for his having married a girl from a different caste. On the other hand, his luck had advanced with his marriage.

Balakrishna was happy with his wife. The work in his office was not much of a strain on him and so he found time to read books. His mother had no other option than to come and live with him in his house and that in a new district. The high standard of comfort there made the cunning old lady regard her son with a certain amount of respect and love, in spite of his marriage. But she did not like what she called his extravagance. She would have been perfectly pleased, if he had placed the amount spent in luxuries in a bank, which would pay a good rate of interest, or invested it in some landed property which would supply his household with rice and other necessities of life. She even went so far as to gently ad-

vise him to curtail all such expenses, but her son with his modern education and modern notions on life maintained perfect silence, for he was a firm believer that silence was golden in some cases. So, she came to understand that he was rather anxious to make his wife happy by supplying her with all sorts of comforts. At the same time, her own adequate allowance and all the desirable comforts in her old age made her greatly thankful for her good fortune. The gentle business-like relationship between the old-fashioned mother-in-law and a modern girl like Padmavathi was much appreciated by many people. Even Balakrishna's relatives, his worst critics, had to admire it. Just to please the old mother-in-law, Padmavathi now and then did some domestic work much against her inclination. She found greater happiness in reading books than in looking after the house.

One fine afternoon a small event happened which was a source of great joy to all the members in the house and particularly to Padmavathi. As usual, she was absorbed in reading one sultry afternoon in her drawing room, when suddently she found her friend, Sarada Bai, near her. "Hullo! Sarada, how is it you have come here in this hot sun?"

"Oh, just to have a small chat with you. I am sorry I have disturbed your reading."

"Oh, that does not matter."

They both amused themselves with some conversation and at last Sarada Bai said to her friend, "A lottery is going to take place in Madras just to get some money for repairing an important temple there. So some people have organised a sweep in order to collect at least a lakh of rupees. Out of that lakh they have alloted Rs. 50,000/- for a number of prizes and the balance will be utilised in repairing the temple. The first prize is Rs. 10,000/, the second Rs. 5,000/, the third Rs. 2,500/, the fourth Rs. 1,000/, and so on. On the whole there are about one thousand prizes, so that one out of every hundred that compete may have a prize. The cost of each ticket is one rupee. Will you buy two tickets? After all, they cost Rs. 2/- only. If you get any prize, it is well, and good. Otherwise, please think that you have contributed two rupees for repairing the temple."

"Certainly, I shall take the number of tickets you want me to purchase. But I doubt whether I shall get any prize at all. However, it is for a good purpose that I spend the money."

Six months passed. Sarada Bai came to Padmavathi at an unusual hour one morning with an extraordinarily cheerful look. Padmavathi was lounging in an easy chair, fondling her small daughter. "Hullo! I have exceeding good news to tell you."

"Pray, what?"

"Please guess"

"Any prize in the lottery? By this time, the results must have been announced."

"Do you expect any prize ?
"Please tell me if I have got any ? '
"Yes. You get one"
"Of what value ?"
"Kindly guess"
"Two rupees, eh ?"
"No, more than that."
"Four rupees ?"
"More then that."
"Perhaps ten rupees."
"Still more."
"Perhaps a hundred rupees."
"Still more, madam.'
"Please tell me."

"Now I shall tell you. You get the first prize of Rs. 10,000."

"Oh ! then I must thank my lucky stars. God has been kind to me."

By nature Padmavathi was not of an excitable temperament and hence she took her good luck very coolly. She went to her husband. As soon as he heard the happy news, he went to his mother and said: "Mother, your daughter-in-law won the first prize of Rs. 10,000 in the lottery of which she must have told you some months ago." The good old lady was mightily pleased and said : "When did she come to know and through whom?"

"Her friend, Mrs. Sarada Bai, has come to tell her this happy news. You may go and see her. She is in that room."

Now, Padmavathi, is the happy possessor of Rs. 10,000 and her mother-in-law is lavishing still more affection on her. When she received the cheque for that amount from the temple authorities, her mother in-law advised her son, saying: "Balakrishna, by the kind grace of the Almighty, your wife has won the grand sum of ten thousand rupees, and so as a thank-offering to Him, please ask her to give at least Rs. 350 towards the local temple charities. That is not much out of the big amount. I am sure she will willingly do it."

Accordingly, the next week, the local temple authorities were in receipt of a cheque for Rs. 350, with a letter requesting them to spend it on some charitable purpose.

N. VENKATAPATHY.

IN MAN'S REALM.

WOMAN WISHES TO BE MAN.

"I wish I were a man" laments a Modern Girl, in one of our daily papers. Why? It is an interesting question to consider. She admits that, compared with her sisters of a generation ago, modern girls do have a good time.

"We go out with our men friends quite freely; we smoke, a great boon this; we ride pillion; we play tennis and games as they should be played; we swim in sensible costume; and our skirts are still short."

But then, there are differences. There is the financial difficulty.

Woman, financially speaking, is still the inferior sex. As a girl she still usually gets less pocket money than her brother. In business, she gets less pay as a rule than a man, even though doing the same job. As a wife, well, she remains dependent upon her husband who controls the purse strings just as he did in the bad old days.

This financial inferiority is a great handicap. It means, for instance, that although I ride pillion, it's great fun,—it is always some man's bike, for I cannot afford to buy one."

Then, there is the fact that, men still get the plums in business.

"In the business world men more easily get the 'plums'. No matter how well-equipped we may be for the job, we are passed over by a man who is only our equal, because of our sex. Often, indeed, 'plums' go to men who are our inferiors in ability.

As for the wife—well, the bride may not promise 'to obey' nowadays, but anyone with half-an-eye can see that the husband still rules the roost.

The husband has more freedom to go wherever he likes. He is never tied by motherhood. He sees far more of life. At a dance he can choose a succession of attractive partners. His wife must wait to be asked—and if she has lost her attractions——."

One is glad to think that some of the matters she speaks about are not yet rife among our Indians. I do hope, they will not be so, quite as in the West, though I admit that we do need larger thought and more scope, as mentioned by our *Modern girl*. After all, there need not be such antagonism between man and woman. Man is man, woman is woman. Each sex has its own special duties and privileges; but that does not mean that each should arrogate rights, in the sphere, which is general to both. In India, of course, the arrogation is much more on the man's side. It is time for Indian

women to assert their superiority, but let them not forget they are women of India, where woman can rule more by charm and personality and womanliness, than by undue assertion and assumed manliness.

After all, men are physically superior to women. There can be no denying that fact. Mentally also, I think, they are the stronger.

Such differences of course, are due to Nature, though it must be admitted that men are greatly responsible for certain 'inferiorities' of women. In some cases, their chivalry is really a confession of weakness.

Women therefore can triumph if they like; but they can do it better in their womanly way.

But what does Man say about it?

AN "ONLOOKER".

FRIENDLY CHATS.

II

"HOME TRUTHS FROM THE EPICS."

There is neither Guru nor relation for the man whose only object is to amass money. There is neither joy nor sorrow for the educated man. There is no shame for a voluptuary, and there is no taste for a hungry man.

To lose a wife, to abuse good people, to pay part of a loan, to serve a man of low breed, to visit a relation when down with penury, are matters which burn the body without fire.

Bad men, gold, bad women, rebellious horses, sugar cane, gingelly seeds, are all of the same class, and they are to be whipped or beaten to extract good from them.

Sage Gargya is of opinion that one should go on an errand early in the morning. Sage Brihaspathi prescribes that good omens should be looked for before undertaking any business. Mandavya lays down that the only critérion for success is mental earnestness, while Sage Janardhana recommends any time of the day for a Brahman to go out to achieve an object.

There is sorrow in amassing wealth, and there is equal sorrow in trying to store up the amassed wealth. Sorrow is not abated, when wealth is either spent or used for the sake of existence. What is the use of wealth which breeds eternal sorrow?

Neither Brahma nor Vishnu, nor Siva, nor even the Devas can alter the decrees of fate. Such being the case, nothing can be achieved by a mere man.

Ghee promotes intellect, milk increases the age, food promotes diseases, and flesh breeds flesh

Joy, courage, intellect, strength, superhuman powers, and obliging manners are present among those who are blessed by the angels.

A discontented Brahman, a contended Kshatriya, a modest prostitute, and an immodest family-woman are the worst people on earth, and should be avoided by the wise.

The Vedas are the most important for the Brahman, the wife for a house, seeds for agriculture, and wealth for the world.

Even Indra will lose his lustre if he besmears the body with sandal paste kept in stone, if he eats the food touched by a cat, if he sees his shadow in water, and if he looks upon others with disdain.

The dust raised by a goat, an ass, a broomstick, and women, if it falls on a person, will cost him his wealth.

There is no famine for a man who works in the fields ; there is no sin for a person who does penance ; there is no quarrel for a man who does not talk ; and there is no fear for one who does not sleep.

One good son is far better than a hundred bad sons, just as the moon is far better than a hundred stars.

The real great men are those who use sound arguments on topical subjects, who do good work according to their abilities, and who get anger in accordance with their capacities.

One must go five feet away from a cart, ten feet away from a horse, a hundred feet away from an elephant, and several miles away from a bad man.

N. RAMABHADRAN.

SNAPS AT SOCIETY

THE INDIAN CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY.

FROM all sides we hear the following dictum and we know it is true,—if India is to grow and to advance in nationality and power, she must cultivate espirt-de-corps. And yet, how difficult is this process in a land like ours, a land of different races, creeds and customs.

The Indian Christian Community is a body needing special attention in the growth of India. Politically it is, no doubt, receiving consideration ; and it is flattering to see that lately it has been receiving much credit for its tolerant and advanced views, but it still naturally feels itself in a very invidious position. In the first

place, it stands as a buffer between the meeting of the East and the West in India; in the second place, being in such a position, it stands to reason that it must nec ssarily be in a much more transitory state than are other communities in India. It is not fish, flesh, or fowl. Sad and hard indeed is such a position; and yet how glorious can we make its fruition; working it into a state of growth, not of retrogression, of ardent reaching-forward, not of vain harking-back; giving it an opportunity for progress in ideality and spirituality, instead of in mere materialism; affording it a chance to push forward, not from pride or conceit, but from the force of personality, into the very front of the advancing armies of India, as one of the guiding stars of her destiny!

What an ideal would this be, and yet how far are some of us, Indian Christians, from it! Instead of advancing, how many of us feel that we are in a state of stagnation! How often do we feel that our society is hardening into a crystal, which feels itself complete and yet, alas, is but a rigid fixity!

The world, we know is made up of atoms; a nation is a medley of races; a community is formed of individuals. Where, in the Indian Christian community, one is inclined to ask, is there community of individuals? I suppose this is true all the world over. Fault-finding and spite, back-biting and scandal, malice and envy, are obtainable everywhere; but there is no use, as we all know, of being afraid of them. Let us not be afraid to criticise kindly; for it behoves each one of us to find out what is wrong with ourselves, instead of being phlegmatically self-satisfied. Let us then try to discover, generously and tolerantly, what some of us, at least, think is wrong with the Indian Christian body in India.

The other evening, as the golden glow of sunset was giving place to the soft grey of twilight, I sat looking around me. On all sides of me rose beautiful trees—, wonderful masses of foliage, shading into marvellous tints of green, so like and yet so unlike each other; here a tender blue-green, there a deep emerald, purple-green, yellow-green. Each merged into the other and formed a noble whole, as it were But, in the forefront shood a few lonely isolated trees. bravely flaunting their foliage, yet all alone in their glory. How like the people in every community, I thought, some touching each other, and others far from each other, so like, yet so different, some of them merely ships that pass by each other in the night, lonely figures, standing far away and indifferent. The words of the sacred song came to me!

"When the mists have rolled in splendour
  From the beauty of the hills;
And the sunlight falls in gladness
  On the river and the rills,
We recall our Father's promise

In the rainbow of the spray ;
We shall know each other better,
When the mists have rolled away."

Why is it that there is sometimes so little real friendliness in an Indian Christian community ? If a family or individual happens to be advanced in thought and tolerance,—not in material prosperity, for then there is plenty of friendliness,—why is it that that unit is more or less kept apart ? Such a personality—collectively or individually—finds it far easier to make friends with Hindus or Europeans than with its own Christians. Is it a case of the "ninety and nine just persons,

"That safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
And the one that was out in the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold ?"

"Look at them", some critics say. "They are not like us. They are careless of conventions They give too much freedom to their children, especially their girls" Or again, "They are more in touch with Hindus than with us. They care nothing for their own Christians, or the Christan teaching. They compromise too much. They do not speak about Christ to others; they make no profession of religion." Or still again, "They are too *Swaraj* and too *Swadeshi*. And their dress is too Indian and therefore not smart. They do not keep up appearances at all."

"He is a true Christian,"—I have heard people say about a man, whom I would otherwise have dubbed smug, pushing, overbearing, conceited and priggish. "What is it to be a true Christian?" I asked. The answer was rather evasive. "He goes to Church, he talks of Christianity; he gives beautiful moral lectures; he helps in religious meetings, he never drinks or gambles, he is a member of committees, he gives large subscriptions." Very good indeed ! An amazing array of virtues, common to many Indian Christians. But can we not add: "He is kind to his inferiors and servants, not merely because he feels himself superior to them,but because he knows they also are his brothers in humanity; he is charitable, not only from a sense of virtue or a desire for popularity but also from a spirit of true sympathy; he is courteous to his opponents, not only from a dutiful forgiving spirit, but also from gentle and generous tolerance ; he is meek and humble, not only because he thinks that that is a correct attitude, but because he really and honesty fee's himself less than others; he never lets others down, not only because he is afraid of public opini n, but because he is honorable and honest; he is so truly Christian that he does not mind fellowship in society, even marriage, with people of lower birth, position and caste, than himself; he is a man who really loves his heighbour as himself; who would do unto others, as he would that others should do unto

him; who is as ready to find fault with himself as with others" But, where in the world can we get such perfection? If we did, we would be in the golden age! I was so ashamed to read in a religious paper the other day the sad dictum that Christanity had been able to do little to stem the growing evil of the world. In fact, the evil was becoming more rampant, in spite of the advance of Christanity. I felt that the rebuke was a deserved one. How many sins and weaknesses indeed, are now-a-days hidden under the cloak of Christianity? How many times have we heard the vain assertain made, "I am a Christian and so ought not to be suspected of sin. I am a Christian, and so must be considered more than others."

Alas and alas! And how few of us have the moral courage to point the finger of blame, where it is most required? One minute, we criticise with malice and spite a person because he or she takes no notice of us. The next minute we are ready to lick that person's hand, if he or she gives us a smile, or a kind word, or a pat on the back. Thus, do we make our own self the centre of everything.

"I do not care what he or she does," one says. "They are kind to me, in spite of my position or colour. That is all I want"

Sometimes, no doubt, the want of friendliness is due to individual personality, a stand-offishness and reserve which repels friendship; an impatience and a looking-down on others, because these others are not advanced enough or quick enough; a subtle patronage instinctively felt and resented. Perhaps, the fault is on both sides; it is quite possible. There must be a give and take, we all know, in true friendship. How long can one side go on, reaching out vain hands of appeal, which are not clasped in a responsive grasp? Resentment and intolerance, pride and sensitiveness, keep off with wide-spread arms and held-aloof skirts. And yet, Christ said, "Ye are all gods." We have all been made in the image of God, and therefore, in the same mould. May the good, therefore, come out and the evil disappear in us, is our prayer.

"SOUR-SWEET."

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES.

(1) THE LION AND THE GOAT.

ONCE, there lived a lion and it ruled the forest, not only because it was a lion by birth, but also because it had become kingly by breeding. Only one thing was wanting and the fox came and supplied it, by becoming the lion's minister.

One day, the king of the neighbouring land went to the forest to hunt. He went first with brave bow and winged arrows, and his party of huntsmen and hounds and elephants followed. The first animal that the king met in the forest was no other than the lion itself. It was a terrible event, for their eyes clashed as those of equal kings Never had the king of the land dreamed of encountering such fierce majesty. His arrows went wrong and his proud bow almost froze in his hand. Therefore, the king of the land suddenly turned and off he went, seeking safety.

But the lion did not turn or even stir. There it stood, eyeing the vanishing figure and when it had completely vanished the lion began to think all the world of itself. On returning to its den, it called its minister and said," O minister of the King, did you hear how the two-legged ruler of the neighbouring land flew from me this day? When he came to the forest this morning, we looked at him, nor meant to harm him, but he took a mountain of fright and flew, and all his men, elephants and hounds turned and flew. We stood there, brave as ourselves, seeing them fly. Therefore, we are not only the king, but also the conqueror of a king. Do you hear? Therefore, from this day—"

"What is your Majesty pleased to want from this day?" interrupted minister fox, not a little anxious for its own safety.

"Stand and hear," commanded the lion. "Therefore, from this day we do not propose to go forth and kill any animal for our food."

"Your Gracious Majesty!" ejaculated the fox.

"Stand and hear," thundered the lion. "Therefore, from this day our subject animals must come to 'Your Gracious Majesty' to be killed, instead of being stolen or run after and killed. Did you hear, O minister of His Majesty? Go forth and proclaim our edict."

And minister fox gave a yawn, but as it itself was safe and also loved its master to some extent it went forth and made the proclamation to the assembled beasts, while the poor creatures hung their doomed heads in terror.

One day, it was the elephant's turn to have the fatal audience with the forest king. What could the elephant do but go? A little goat, with nothing to boast of but a lonely piece of beard, happening to meet the elephant, asked where it was going so dejectedly.

"Fool!" exclaimed the impish goat." "Why do you go to die? Hear and you shall be saved."

Of course, the elephant heard.

"Lie down here like one dead and be careful how you hold your breath, and I can save you," insisted the goat, warming into the adventure.

The elephant lay down as if dead, with outstretched limbs.

The little goat, with more daring than body, mounted the elephant and sat there, now and then giving a shake to the lonely little beard jutting forth from its chin.

In the royal den, king lion and minister fox were exchanging impatient words.

"Why has not the elephant come yet?" asked the lion.

"Why has not the elephant come yet?" answered minister fox.

"Should not the elephant have been here by this time?" demanded the king angrily.

"Should not the elephant have been here, when already the hour of your Majesty's dinner is past?" said the fox meekly in appropriate court manner.

"And should not indeed his Majesty know what has happened to the elephant, so that it has not come?" nearly roared the lion.

"Should not indeed his Majesty know what has happened to the elephant, so that it has not come?" added minister fox, trying to improve its already perfect court manner.

It thus happened that the lion set out in search of the elephant. In fear and in respect, the little trees in the thickets waved to and fro, as the lion went, and seeing them wave the hero goat told itself, "Now the scoundrel is coming and I have a little need of heart."

And, when king lion came within hearing, the goat reared its head, taking care to make its beard assist. Then it spake and said, of course to itself, "Whatever has happened to me to-day! Why have I eaten only four elephants and four lions to-day? Of course, there is the fifth elephant under me, but where, my ears, am I to find the fifth lion to eat? Is the forest exhausted? Is there not at least one more shaggy lion left to fulfil my vow?" And the little eyes glared, as if they were searching every recess around.

It was an altogether uncanny event, and a superstitious dread seized the lion by its soul, making it fly for its safety. Many kings had done like that before, including the ruler of the neighbouring land, and the lion was not ashamed.

Minister fox met the breathless king at the entrance to the den.

"Whatever has happened to your Majesty?" enquired the courtier with a real upheaval of concern in its voice.

And the lion enlarged on the story of its fright with more gestures than words, for many of them were drowned in its heaving throat. The end was immaculately distinct. Never had the lion seen such a tremendous goat in all its sovereignty.

"Beg your pardon," said the fox coaxingly, now thoroughly ashamed for its sire, "Your Majesty, was not your Majesty, a little less than brave to be so frightened by a goat? Kindly come with me and I can 'show' your Majesty."

"That'll ne'er do," interposed the lion still visibly shivering, and more shivering now on account of its minister's impossible proposal. But minister fox pressed its suit earnestly and moreover, for proof that it would never forsake its king in the face of danger, the good minister allowed one hind leg to be securely tied to a foreleg of its lord's. There was a trustworthy length of rope to afford the evidence.

Thus the lion and the fox, become inseparable by linked fear and faithfulness, moved forth, master following servant at the far point of the assuring rope. And at last the queer combination reached the critical spot, where the un-defeatable goat was still enthroned on high.

Seeing the two coming, which it did not understand, nor in fact care very much to understand, as it had no doubt as to what it should do, the sweet creature raised its head even higher than before, and began its terrifying monologue.

"Wherever, my beard, am I to find the fifth...... '

How did it end? The lion knew well enough how it would. What if the fox did not know?

And it turned tail exactly at that dreadful word, 'the fifth' and flew for dear life.

And minister fox securely tied to loyalty went rolling after the lion over thicket and rock

Thus it was that king man and king beast fled from the throne, for wanting courage to ascend it.

N. K. V.

(2) THE RESULT OF THE BATTLE.

The battle was o'er, the dead lay still,
Weeping arose o'er the silent hill,
Mothers cried out, sisters fainted,
As with blood they saw the fallen painted.

Yet one stood still; at heaven she gazed
As a brave young body from earth was raised;
Then crying aloud "Lord take me too"
She stabbed herself and with him she flew.

N. FONSECA.

(3) THE CAT AND THE VERMIN.

TABBY was a fine Persian puss. She was white, and had the loveliest fluffy coat ever possessed by a cat. For many years she

had lived in a cellar, her chief occupation having been the killing of vermin. One day, however, as she sat washing her beautiful, white coat, she began to think it was time she retired, as she was really becoming bored with killing rats and other such odious creatures. She knew of a gorgeous house some distance away, where, she felt sure, no such vile animals could live. Having made up her mind, she set off thither. Passing down a long lane, a Libella flashed past her, which was certainly an insect of paramount beauty, but puss preferred her own white coat to the scarlet garb of the Dragon Fly. It was a lovely fine morning, and the cat thoroughly enjoyed her long walk. It was noon when she arrived at the mansion. Without hesitation, she climbed the steps to the front entrance hall and there sat herself down Tabby had been there about five minutes when the children of the owner of the mansion returned from their morning ride upon their charming little ponies "What a dear pussy !" cried the younger of the two children, and dashed off into the room where her mother sat. "Come and see the loveliest pussy on earth !" she cried. Soon the lady of the house came out to view mistress Tabby. A short conversation ensued, with the result that puss found the best home in the country.

Moral: If you live in the cellar of your life, rather than in the palaces of your spirit, it is entirely your own fault

HERBERT PORTER.

(4) CUPID AND THE SCIENTIST.

CUPID, the little winged son of Mercury and Venus, sat, as he was wont to do, in a sylvan bower, listening to the song of the birds, and watching the lovely, lazy, white clouds floating calmly in etheric seas of blue. Along that wooded walk, came a dour and flint-hearted old scientist, who was always philosophizing and collecting logical conclusions in his mental store-house To this great man, everything that was to be believed and added to his mighty repertory of Facts, must be definitely and mathematically demonstrated. The love-god laughed and chuckled as he saw the scientist approach. He took an arrow from his quiver and shot it straight at the hard heart of the scientist. Though aimed with perfect judgment and delivered with great force, it could not penetrate the flinty heart of the old mathematician: the arrowpoint was blunted and the love missile fell to the earth. The scientist passed on his way, not having felt even the slightest discomfort or pain. Later, this proud, cold man fell ill, and it was discovered that, as his heart had never felt an emotion for many years, by that very lack of the function for which it stood in the emotional body, a peculiar disease had set in, and that organ had begun to solidify. Like Niobe, it was actually turning to stone.

Moral : Where love comes not,
Flint claims that spot.

HERBERT PORTER.

(5) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

Out-door games are very necessary for the physical growth of all human beings, and I hope therefore that all of you, take as much exercise as you possibly can and do not lose a single opportunity of being out in the fresh air, and enjoying yourselves. Most children are naturally fond of games, and they do not need to be told twice to leave their books, and have some recreation ; but there are a few, who insist on studying all the time, even when they are only 11 or 12 years old, and who will not take any exercise.

Once you create a liking for games, you will always crave for them, and there is no healthier tonic for the mind than a sincere love of out-door exercise. Play, play, play as much as you can, for youth will never return, once it creeps into middle age. Do not worry your heads about examinations and studies ; but, at the same time, remember that you have to study as well, and that you must do brilliantly in school, and that you should try and be the first in your class, if possible. You will find that you will be able to study better, if you play games. The secret about studying is that, when you *do* work, you must concentrate. Then, after you have done some real solid work, without allowing your mind to wander, throw aside your books and go out and have some fun.

Most schools in India, today, have large playgrounds, where basket-ball, tennis and badminton, and for boys, hockey and cricket, can be played. Try and have a game every evening before you return home. The sight, which usually meets one's eyes, between 4 and 5 P. M. in the neighbourhood of a school, is that of shoals and shoals of children returning home immediately after the last class, and just a select few staying behind to play. Why cannot all of you stay on an hour for recreation? Do not miss the opportunity that is afforded to you ; but start playing games when you are still young, and you will do yourselves good. You will be of great use to India, because you will become strong and robust, and will therefore help to make the physical strength of our country more powerful than it is today.

Yours sincerely,
PADMINI.

LET'S GAMBLE!

"Women are born gamblers"—I have heard it said. It is, of course, open to question whether women are more addicted to this

particular vice than the so-called stronger sex. For myself, after visiting a place recently where many forms of gambling were going on in a mild way, and watching the large and varied crowd, all for the moment paying homage to the god of Chance, I came to the conclusion that gambling has an attraction that is apparently universal.

The place in question was a race-course, but apart from the usual betting on the horses, there were small booths and tables where those who wished could speculate in a dozen different ways, wagering their money on the turn of a wheel, the spinning of a disc and the gyrations of fascinating little brightly-coloured balls. Every table had its patrons and any and every one of these groups was in itself an interesting study.

There were old men, hard-bitten experts at the game, who were quietly placing their bets here and there, may-be winning—but if not, then losing just as much as they could afford, and then moving away. Young men, obviously "on the spree" with pockets full of money, scattered it on the tables haphazard, laughing when they won, laughing when they lost, and always throwing on more.

Numbers of women were around the tables—some of them elderly ladies, playing very cautiously and pausing awhile between each bet, some looking very serious about it all, others with an aloof sort of air, as if this gambling were just part and parcel of their visit to the place. There were younger women gambling excitedly, passing swift comments one to another on the stakes and their losses and gains, some giggling a trifle self-consciously, and all the while the man in charge calling out ceaselessly and monotonously stakes and results, to the accompaniment of the clinking of coins.

I have never visited Monte Carlo, only read of the lure of its Casino; but even at this place, in the open air and bright sunshine, the fascination was there and held the entire interest of all and sundry.

When the ringing of a bell warned us the horses were being led out for their race, my friends and I left the tables almost reluctantly, although we had bets on the horses too, and pushed forward with the throng to watch the next event. What glorious creatures they are, so slim and sleek. "They 're off!" What a thrill to see them, hear them, almost feel them straining forward with every ounce of endeavour—the tense excitement to watch our own favourite gaining, gaining—and what matter whether he won or not, we had the glorious thrill just the same!

Some of us had "winnings" to collect. The crowd moved off to the tables to amuse themselves pending the next race, for which the bookmakers' hoarse voices had already commenced calling their offers.

The most striking thing of all was that, apart from the enjoyment of watching the race, everyone was thoroughly enjoying the gambling, whether losing or winning. It is a pleasure and excitement, quite unlike anything else. I suppose we all hoped when we counted out our cash that perhaps we might win a lot more, but we didn't feel bad about it when we found we had not done so.

There are exceptions, of course. I saw one such case. There was a real old trickster with three thimbles on a board and a tiny shrivelled nut underneath one of them. He was taking bets with the onlookers as to which of the three thimbles covered the nut, and twisting them round dexterously so as to confuse. A couple of yards away, the opinion was being freely expressed that he was conjuring and not playing fair. Several people betted him one pound and failed to find the nut, and finally one very poor-looking youth who had been watching intently, bet four pounds, and lost. He went quite pale when he realised how far his enthusiasm had carried him and that he had lost his money, and I felt quite sure he could ill afford it.

On the whole, however, the gamblers lost, or won, their money very light-heartedly. It was for them a legitimate pleasure, with a very particular and peculiar thrill for which they willingly paid. Taken as such, it is surely not harmful. There is no doubt that in its extreme forms, gambling is a real vice, and has been the cause of fortunes, and even lives being lost ; but then extremes are generally to be avoided. Certainly our somewhat depleted fortunes were not tragic when we left the races, on the contrary we had thoroughly enjoyed our little flutter at gambling. It had been a novel experience and a pleasant pastime.

MABEL BYE.

NOTE.—What do our readers say about this debatable question ?

—EDITOR, *I. L. M.*

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

1. I lately came across a letter on "Hygiene in the tropics," by a doctor lady. In it, she talks of the outfit which visitors to India from foreign countries should adopt. Some of her suggestions can well apply to us, especially in the matter of underclothing. She says that silks are delightful wear for the Indian winter, but not comfortable in the summer, when cotton clothes will give more comfort. With regard to the latter of course, there should be a large supply; under-clothing in the Indian summer has to be changed sometimes three times during the day. Of course, if

careful washing and drying is done at home, comfort can still be attained even with a small supply.

The doctor mentions that exquisite embroidered underclothing can be had cheaply and beautifully in India. With regard to this I would advise that embroidery well-done, even though very slight, is better than flimsy stitching or cheap lace garniture. It is better to have the plainest of underclothing than flimsy embroideries and laces Only, it must be soft and comfortable and durable and easy to wash, without being needed constantly to unpick and re-stitch, which means waste of precious time. And I strongly recommend that the habit should not be indulged in, as it sometimes is among some of our ladies, of exhibiting straps and strips of pretty underclothing under very thin blouses. The effect to me, though pretty, looks cheap and showy

Sometimes, of course, warm clothing is necessary. "Prevention is better than cure," in spite of being thought needlessly fussy.

As regards safe-guarding against the sun, the lady doctor advises carefulness instead of fool-hardy exposure. I have often noticed Indian girls going about with bare heads in the hottest sun, because they are afraid of being thought over-delicate *Topees*, of course, are not to be thought of with our Sarees, except when absolutely necessary on 'Shikari' or other excursions. But, what about umbrellas? It must not be forgotten that "every day is not Sunday". If exposure to the sun does not do harm on one day, it might do on another. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that some of our women go too far the other way, and are too afraid of the sun even after 5 P. M. There is no doubt that the fear of being sun-burnt comes in, in a country where degrees of colour are so important; but it must not be forgotten that a too delicate complexion is not pleasant. Exposure to the sun sometimes is wholesome.

2. I read that one of the latest fashions in colour is gold mixed with brown. I think this is a scheme, which will specially suit the pale ivory-brown Indian complexion, especially with the profusion of gold jewellery used here. I love a maize and gold mixture. Here is a pretty costume. A blouse of brown lace over thin gold silk and a brown silk skirt can go under a gold-coloured Sari, edged with a narrow gold Indian woven border, or an embroidered trimming of bronze beads and silk and spangles. Over this, a waist-belt of gold can be worn, and a gold and topaz necklace, and gold and topaz bangles; gold or red flowers in the hair, and golden-brown sandles for the feet, will complete the costume.

SISTER SUSIE.

RANDOM PORTRAITS OF INDIAN WOMEN.

THE GRAND-MOTHER.

IT was a Sunday morning, and the grand-mother of a large household, sat on her favourite chair in the verandah of a spacious house and looked out into the garden. She sat silently thinking for a time, and then, a poor woman, dressed in clean but simple clothes, walked up the stairs that led to the verandah and sat down beside the old lady on the floor. The latter seemed to be pleased to see her visitor, and at once, an amicable conversation began, in which it was made clear to me, that the caller was an old friend of the family, and a woman who through her own ability had fought against poverty and become the head mistress of a poor school. The woman praised the old lady to whom she was talking and asked after all the family news, and the grand-mother, smiling under the flattery that was being given so freely to her, sunned herself in the humble presence of the woman sitting at her feet and related various anecdotes and humorous stories, over which both laughed heartily. In the middle of the visit, a beggar came tottering into the compound, and the old lady at once went inside, and after rummaging in an old drawer, produced a copper piece, which the beggar took and vanished. Then, a blind old man, a servant who could no longer work, walked on to the verandah, and took his seat in a remote corner, awaiting the meal that would surely be served to him by the charitable lady of the house, and after him came another beggar, who waited in the compound, for it was Sunday, and he was a special beggar, and was entitled to a meal on that auspicious day of the week. Then the head-mistress arose, and took her leave, receiving a kindly farewell, almost a blessing from the old lady, and one of the very small grand-children, thinking it was time to go to his granny, tottered up to the chair smiling, and cuddled into her.

Yes, her life had almost come to an end, and she was doing that which was possible for her to do, before she finally left the world. She fed the poor, talked to the meek, and lived in the happiness of the young ones all round her.

PUNKAJAM.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE GUEST ROOM.

"I always have a guest room quite ready for any one who may happen to drop in," I heard one house-wife say to another.

"People suddenly come sometimes to stay a day or two, and it is so awkward if we have nothing ready, and have to clean and prepare a room for them at the last minute." "Yes," answered the other housewife, "I also am like you. I have a spare room ready, and when I invite my friends to stay with us, I say, 'the spare room is always there, and you are welcome at any time.' "

There is nothing like having a room and a bath room set apart for guests, in an Indian house-hold. It is a boon, which not only the house-wife, but also the visitor, appreciates. A guest room should be furnished with necessities, such as a comfortable bed, a spacious wardrobe, one or two clothes-stands, some stiff and two or three comfortable chairs, a toilet table, a large mirror, and a writing table, provided with ink, pad, pencils, pen and letter-paper. Besides these bare necessities, the room should be made to look homely and inviting, by placing a soft carpet on the floor, and curtains to match, for the windows and doors, and a cushion or two on some of the chairs. Also, the room should be made cheerful with flowers, renewed every day during the visitors' stay, and the house-wife should give special instructions to the servants to see that the room is always dusted and cleaned.

PADDY.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN.

CHAPTER 29. INTESTINAL COLIC.

BY intestinal colic is meant, pain of a paroxysmal character located in the bowel. It is one of the most frequent causes of crying in children. They not only cry loudly, but will *scream suddenly*, and if the colic appears during sleep, they will wake up with a sudden start and cry loudly. While crying, the legs are drawn up or are moved to and fro or up and down. They will also seem to bend the body on itself. If the pain is severe and unrelieved, convulsions may set in.

Causes : The attacks of intestinal colic are generally associated with constipation, hence it is a good plan when the child is restless and crying to see if the bowels have moved. Other digestive disturbances, such as diarrhoea or dysentery, may also give rise to colic In indigestion, the existence of undigested curds in the bowels gives rise to fermentation and production of gas, resulting in distention of the bowels. Intestinal worms also occasionally cause colic.

The majority of cases of colic are seen in bottle-fed babies. This is due to the milk being too acid or being super-heated. In the latter case, the milk is difficult to digest and results in

intestinal fermentation and colic. Excess of fat in the milk, irregular feeding, too frequent and over-feeding are all common causes. Excess of sugar also produces colic. In these infants sugar must be stopped for a time and saccharine substituted at the rate of 1 grain for 1 pint of feed.

Diagnosis of this condition is easy. There will be generally some digestive disturbance,such as constipation or diarrhoea or green stools to aid the diagnosis. The belly will be resonant. Pain in the ear also gives rise almost to the same kind of screaming and it should be distinguished from colic, by the absence (in the latter) of fever and of redness, swelling and tenderness near the ear. *Treatment* of colic is simple The quickest method of relieving the colic is to give an enema of soap and water, or better still warm *chamomile tea*[1]—one pint—given slowly. In addition to washing the bowel, it is advisable to apply a hot-water bottle (India Rubber) to the belly, or if this is not available, hot *bran poultices*[2].

By way of medicine, *Woodward's Gripe water*[3] is safe, effective and reliable. Children also take it very easily. If treatment is adopted on these lines, in a few minutes the colic ceases, and the distress passes off

Prevention : 1. Regulate the feeds in respect of their quantity, quality and frequency.

2. Correct any disturbance of digestion in time.
3. See that the feeding bottle is absolutely clean.
4. Keep the child warm with flannel.
5 Administer Woodward's gripe water between feeds.

Foot Note : 1. Chamomile tea. Chamomile is otherwise known as camphor plant. In Tamil it is *Shimeda Pu*, in Telugu *Sime Chamanti pushpam* and the Canarese, *Shima Shavantige*. The dried flowers of this plant are available in the bazaars. Take half an ounce of them and steep in one pint of boiling water for 5 to 10 minutes and then strain. The temperature should be between 100° and 110°, when administered as an enema.

2 Bran Poultice. Rice bran, wheat bran or chamomile flowers, can be used.

3. If Woodward's Gripe water is not ready to hand, an infusion of dill mixed with a little soda or lime water may be used as a substitute. Dill is known as *Satakupi* in Sanskrit, *shatakuppi vittulu* in Telugu, *shatakupi virai* in Tamil and *Chatukuppa* in Malayalam. Three drachms (or three one anna coins weight) of the bruised seeds should be put into half a pint of boiling water, strained and cooled. Dose one dessert spoon sweetened with honey as often as necessary.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

DEAR EDITOR,

Apropos the discussion in our columns about court-ship preceding marriage, let me quote the following from a Ceylon paper about the marriage of affection being better than the marriage of love.

"Love itself is the flower of deep affection, budded from admiration, respect, and liking. I personally would stake my all on the marriage of affection, rather than on the marriage of love, in the accepted term.

I have seen so many of the wildly-infatuated young couples, who yearned for each other and were a positive nuisance to their neighbours, and who, when they had married a year or so, had grown sick to death of each other, and quarelled half the time. You cannot fly at love like that; you cannot wear it to death. It becomes hackneyed, it becomes horrible."

The distinction drawn between Love and Infatuation, in other words, passion, is truly an apt one.

"Infatuation comes swiftly, on an instant It lasts a while, but it dies as swiftly as it came. I have heard of people falling in love at sight, but I have never yet met anyone who actually experienced it. In my opinion, the phrase which we term *being in love* is too often infatuation.

Infatuation cannot outlive the little trials of to-day. It dies to-morrow.

We should marry for affection, and it will never let us down, but when it comes to the white-hot infatuation, masquerading under the name of love, that is the mistake."

The writer therefore would marry more for honour and respect than for what she calls love:

"I personally, would never dare marry entirely for love. I would marry the man I could respect, and honour, and I think that there would be far fewer unhappy marriages, if most women thought the same and acted up to that standard.

If I did not actually love a man but had the deepest reverence for his ideals and standard, and found his companionship a thing of joy, then I should realise at once that marriage would be likely to be a great success."

Now, what our writer says here is quite true; and it applies very well in India, where love is expected to come after marriage rather than before. But is there not such a thing as Romance in marriage, as different from Passion? Romance may be illusory and dangerous, but I would be sorry to think that romance should

be eliminated from the world. After all, what is romance? It is only the beautiful in human life. A critic of a well-known novel wrote thus :

"Every great writer has a message for his generation and perhaps Short-house's message to his generation and to ours is best summed up in his definition of Romance

'Romance is only human life in the highways and hedges and in the streets and lanes of the city with the ceaseless throbbing of its grieving heart ; it is only daily life from the heart ; it is only daily life, from the workshop, from the court, from the market, and from the stage ; it is only kindliness and neighbourhood, and child-life, and the fresh wind of heaven, and the waste of sea and forest and the sunbreak upon the stainless peaks, and contempt of wrong and pain and death, and for the passionate yearning for the face of God, and woman's tears, and woman's self-sacrifice and devotion, and woman's love. It is only the ivory gates falling back at the fairy touch. It is only leaden sky breaking for a moment above the bowed and weary head, revealing the fathomless infinite through the gloom.'

He believed in the healing process of nature, in the best that is in the human spirit. 'The Sun is set,' John Inglesant said cheerfully, after the long trials of his life, 'but it will rise again. Let us go home.'"

Now, there is no reason why romantic love should not come after marriage. But I believe in the old adage that certain couples are meant for each other. Two spirits may attune together in the world more than any other This being so, suppose a man and a woman, happy enough after marriage, but not ecstatically so, should meet their real counterparts later, and wildly crave for comradeship. What will happen then? Of course, you will talk about common-sense and self-control, and sanity and honour and chastity and rectitude. You will say that very often such a craving means the very infatuation we have criticised here. I agree with you that such should be suppressed and conquered; for there is duty in life. But, does not such inhibition mean a loss of personality. Yet, it has to be, for marriage is sacred. If not, it leads to that great evil, divorce and separation, of which it is the cause more than any other.

Why not then, try a little courtship before marriage, to see if there is a chance for romance?

Yours sincerely,

"A DOUBTER".

OUR NEEDLEWORK SUGGESTIONS

PATCHING can be of various kinds. Patches should be of the same texture and pattern as the cloth, in which there is the hole, but should be a little more worn, to prevent straining on the tear. They are usually either square or rectangular; but sometimes correspond to the tear when cut on the bias. The corners have to be carefully squared; and needles and cotton must be carefully chosen. The best way to patch, we are told, is to fix the new bit on the right side, before taking away the old. There are three methods.

For the *counter-hemmed* patch, a piece should be cut much larger than the hole, and should be turned in, all round about ¼ inch. After being spread out neatly, it should be tacked down and hemmed neatly with close stitches at the corners. Then, the worn part should be cut out on the wrong side and the material hemmed.

The *slip-stitched* patch should be slip-stitched on the right side and is useful in cashmere, merino and silk.

For the *sewn and felled* patch, the material can be creased on the right side at about 2 inches beyond the worn piece. A suitable patch being cut with a ¼ inch turning on the wrong side, it should be tacked on and sewn flat. Then the work should be turned, the worn place removed, and a narrow hem sewn on the under-side. Sometimes, a tiny slit must be made at the corners to keep the patch square. Often, the worn portion is cut out before the patch is put on.

The *darned* patch is used, when there are no scraps of material left, for rough fabrics. A patch of as exact a material as possible can be concealed by neat darning. Sometimes, the darning only surrounds the edges, and is used for sheets, towels, etc.

The *Button-hole* patch is useful for very good linen in cases of burning and staining. The edges of patch and hole are worked separately in close button-hole stitch, and then joined on by working from the top of each stitch over the opposite one.

For flannel patching, the herring-bone stitch can be used on both sides, each covering the other.

K. S.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

(SELECTED)

HONEY ROLL.

Ingredients :—For the pastry: 1 egg, 2 tablespoonsful sugar, 5 tablespoonsful honey, self-raising flour.

For the filling: 5 tablespoonsful honey, 2 bars plain chocolate, 6 ozs. shelled walnuts.

Beat the egg and sugar together, mix in the honey, and add flour very gradually to form a stiff dough. Knead, and roll out to a well-shaped oblong.

Prepare the filling as follows: Crush the walnuts fairly small and add to them the finely-grated chocolate. Mix well. Heat the honey very slowly and, when it boils, add to it the nuts and chocolate, and continue boiling, stirring "all the time," until a thick mass is obtained.

Spread this evenly over the dough oblong and leave it to set slightly. Roll up and bake in a moderate oven. To serve, cut slices and sprinkle each with a little powdered cinnamon.

HEALTH NOTES.

(SELECTED).

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDHOOD.

1. A neglected cold in a young child may have serious consequences and may lead to Bronchitis and even Pneumonia.

2. Little children should be protected from the infection of colds as much as possible. No adult or other child with a running cold should be allowed in the room where there is a young baby, as the cold is infectious. Babies should not be taken into crowded hot rooms, and then out into the cold night air. They should not be left naked under a fast electric punkah, but should be covered with a light woollen garment or shawl to prevent chills. They should be kept in the open air day and night as much as possible, in order to keep them healthy.

3. If a baby has a cold, it should be protected from chills this, but still kept in the fresh air, as does not hurt children if they are properly clothed.

4. A few drops of disinfectant, such as oil of Eucalyptus, should be sprinkled on its bib, so that it can inhale the vapour constantly. The nose should be cleaned frequently, so that the air passages are kept as free as possible, and the child does not need to breathe through its mouth. Camphorated oil should be rubbed on the chest.

5. A simple cough mixture should be used, and if the cold does not rapidly improve, a doctor should be consulted.

—*Health.*

POISONING BY ALUMINIUM COOKING UTENSILS

The following are a few observations as a result of experiments with regard to the possibility of Aluminium being poisonous, or probably as not fit, for cooking purposes :—

1. Peeled potatoes, when allowed to stand in an aluminum dish over night, became yellow and when cooked, looked some-what shrivelled and had dark streaks through the inner part of the vegetable.

2. Bread or pie dough when mixed on a sheet of aluminium acquires a grayish colour. The pot becomes darkened when cabbage is boiled in it. Tomatoes, apple sauce, rhubarb, cherries or grapes, etc., will clean an aluminium dish beautifully within five minutes or as soon as they are brought to a boil.

3. Ordinary well water for two hours will look rather milky and cause a dark coating over the inside of an aluminium dish.

4. Lemonade made in one of these dishes had a very bad taste, if allowed to remain standing in the metal for any length of time. Coffee remaining in an aluminium coffee pot has a metallic taste.

5. When you drive your car with an aluminium throttle, your fingers or gloves will become blackened by the metal rubbing off.

6. Whites of eggs will turn green if stirred ten minutes in an aluminium pan.

7. Ordinary foods other than proteins (beans, etc.,) will not adhere to the metal. Cake, pancakes and waffles do not stick to aluminium and the use of butter or oil is not needed. Alum baking powder sprinkled upon an iron utensil will prevent sticking of the dough

8. Tarnished silverware can be made bright and shiny within a few minutes by putting the ware in an aluminium dish, partly filled with water, with a little bi-carbonate of soda added and bringing to a boil.

9. All bubbles on wild beer will instantly disappear when the beverage is placed in an aluminium dish.

10. When water is boiled in an aluminum dish for one-half hour and placed in a glass can, a light feathery substance can be seen with the naked eye, and precipitation will take place in the bottom of the glass after cooking.

—*Health.*

CORNS

One of the most troublesome yet neglected inconvenience is corns on the feet.

It is admitted that shoes are the sources of corns on the feet. But really speaking not all shoes, but some shoes, help the growth of corns by continued pressure or friction on any part of the feet. This pressure or friction causes the dead cells to crowd back upon the new ones until a hard mass takes shape on the feet. Therefore in avoiding corns we need not discard all shoes but that class of shoes which put the pressure or cause the friction In civilized society, where people have to walk on paths not at all comfortable to tread and where the risks of something being stuck under the feet or scratching or cutting the feet are great, it is useless to think that shoes will cause the disappearance of corns on the feet.

When pressure or friction has once been able to create a tough mass, the original pressure must be greater by the thickness of the corn. It then makes the normal working of the nerves underneath absolutely impossible. Pain is the consequent result. The matter may not end there, as more often than not serious troubles are reported as the outcome of an innocent corn.

The point of greatest pressure is the head of the hard mass or the cone which, due to the very same cause that has helped its growth, is directed inwards and is known as the "eye" of the corn. This part is the most sensitive of the whole mass and can be distinguished from the whole mass by its comparative whiteness. It is a matter of common experience that a person can enjoy some relief if and when this 'eye' has been removed.

The most effective way of doing away with corns is the use of shoes that will allow no friction or put no perssure on the affected parts It is better to cut open the leather over the affected part of the feet than to have the complete shoe and suffer the pain constantly. A shoe of different size and shape from the one used will be of great help.

The next best thing is to soften the corn by soaking it in water and then gently paring off the hard mass with the nails or a knife. To scrape off the corn with a knife or scissors is not always very effective, because the adjacent parts that do not form any part of the corn are scraped off and become hardened by the friction of the leather and the corn grows in size. The writer of the article has found the first process *i.e.*, of soaking the corn and removing it by the nails, very convenient and ultimately successful in removing very troublesome corns.

In shoes with laces, the laces should not be tightened at all, the pleasure of a shoe with loosened lace being enjoyed. After the corn has been pared off, the part ought to be covered with linen or cotton, if possible, to prevent friction. This will certainly retard the growth of the corn and will take longer time before it again becomes painful.

If medication is necessary at all, the prescription of foot specialists should be tried first. One such advice is to paint the corn with salicylic acid collodion, containing salicylic acid (8 parts), extract of cannabis indica (1 part) and flexible collodion (60 parts.) Certainly this a tried remedy, but to have a perfect cure the causes should be removed once for all.

—*Wealth and Welfare.*

NO MORE COLDS.

The cause and cure of the common cold, which sets an average person sniffling and sneezing at least twice a year, is believed to have been discovered by Dr. J. A. Pfeiffer, of the city of Baltimore, in the united States. For years research has been carried on in the endeavour to find and isolate the germ which causes colds. Though sceptics regard the discovery with doubt, Dr. Pfeiffer has carried out extensive experiments, both with human beings and with animals, and gives proof for all his assertions. After isolating the cold germ, he sprayed a culture of it into the noses of healthy humans. In 24 hours they all developed strong nasal colds. A vaccine, made from the germs and injected under their skins, then broke up their colds and cured them in a short time. This looks like nearly conclusive proof that this elusive and disastrous germ has at last been located. It is said that American workmen lose in wages alone two billion dollars a year because of this infection. If a universally successful vaccine can be made, people all over the world can immunize themselves against colds.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

NO MORE NOISE.

How much nerve-strain and inconvenience is caused, especially in city life, by noise ! The roar of traffic, the screaming whistles of trains, the clatter of machinery are a detriment to people's health and efficiency. Scientists are now trying to discover some way by which houses, churches, hospitals and offices may be made sound-proof. The aim is to surround the building with a sort of electric girdle that will absorb the vibrations that make the noise, and thus prevent them from going any further or from entering any particular place thus protected. Should this experiment prove successful, the time may come when, by pressing an electric button, a room on the noisiest street corner, or an office in a great factory, can be enveloped in perfect silence. It will then be possible to study in quiet next door to a saw-mill, or to go to sleep in comfort with a gramophone playing across the hall. It is hoped also that vehicles may also be made sound-proof, so that people on the noisiest trains may rest undisturbed by any noise.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

DISEASE FROM DUST

A conference of the International Labour Organization (I.L.O.) of the League of Nations was held in Johannesburg, South Africa, during August. Nine countries participated in the conference, whose purpose was the study of silicosis. This is a disease caused by the dangerous dust in the mines, which affects the lungs and air passages. It is a serious scourge among miners. The members who attended the conference visited mines, hospitals and laboratories, and it is hoped that the recommendations resulting from their study will be as effective as in a similar study of tuberculosis. Nine years ago the League's I. L. O. was asked to study the high percentage of tuberculosis among the mines in the diamond fields of ex-German South-West Africa. As a result of this action, the death-rate speedily dropped from 120 to 28 in the thousand.

—*The Treasure Chest.*

NEWS AND NOTES.

(SELECTED).

MARRIAGE OF THE TULASI PLANT.

THE holy basil, or *tulasi*, is a small shrub, not too big to be grown in a large flower-pot, and is often placed in rooms; indeed, there is hardly a respectable Hindu family that does not possess one. In spite of its humble appearance, the shrub is pervaded by the essence of Vishnu and his wife, Lakshmi, and is itself worshipped daily as a deity. The plant is especially a woman's divinity, being regarded as an embodiment of Vishnu's wife, Lakshmi, or of Rama's wife, Sita, or of Krishna's wife, Rukmini. Women worship it by walking round it and praying or offering flowers and rice to it. Now this sacred plant, as the embodiment of a goddess, is annually married to the god, Krishna, in every Hindu family. The ceremony takes place in the month of November. In Western India, they often bring an idol of the youthful Krishna in a gorgeous palanquin, followed by a long train of attendants, to the house of a rich man, to be wedded to the basil; and the festivities are celebrated with great pomp. Again, as the wife of Vishnu, the holy basil is married to the *Salagrama*, a black fossil ammonite, which is regarded as an embodiment of Vishnu. In north-Western India, this marriage of the plant to the fossil has to be performed before it is lawful to taste of the fruit of a new orchard. A man, holding the fossil, personates the bridegroom, and another, holding the basil, represents the bride. After burning a sacrificial fire, the officiating Brahman puts the usual questions to the couple about to be united. Bride and

bridegroom walk six times round a small spot marked out in the centre of the orchard. Further, no well is considered lucky until the *Salagrama* has been solemnly wedded to the holy basil, which stands for the garden that the well is intended to water. The relations assemble; the owner of the garden represents the bridegroom, while a kinsman of his wife personates the bride. Gifts are given to the Brahmans, a feast is held in the garden, and after that both garden and well may be used without danger. The same marriage of the sacred fossil to the sacred plant is celebrated annually by the Rajah of Orchha, at Ludhaura. A former rajah used to spend a sum equal to about thirty thousand pounds, being one-fourth of his revenue, upon the ceremony. On one occasion over a hundred thousand people are said to have been present at the rite, and to have been feasted at the expense of the rajah. The procession consisted of eight elephants, twelve hundred camels, and four thousand horses, all mounted and elegantly caparisoned. The most sumptuously decorated of the elephants carried the fossil god to pay his bridal visit to the little shrub goddess. On such an occasion all the rites of a regular marriage are performed, and afterwards the newly-wedded couple are left in the temple till the next year.'

The Treasure Chest.

VOTES FOR THE WOMEN OF DELHI.

We have read with great pleasure of the Resolution brought by Mr. Asaf Ali to give the vote to the women of Delhi for the Municipal Council. Since the women already have the vote for the Legislative Assembly, it is quite natural to expect that they should have it for the Municipal Council also. We are thankful to men like Mr. Asaf Ali for taking interest in such matters and we hope that very soon it will be an accomplished fact that the Municipal vote will also be given to the women in Delhi. The influence of women in all the different spheres of life has already proved itself of the greatest value, and in a local body like a Municipal Council we are sure women ought to have men or women candidates for whom they can vote with the conviction that the best interests of the City would be guarded by them, particularly with regard to Compulsory Education, Public Health, Sanitation, Maternity and Child Welfare Work which lies nearest to the hearts of the women.

Stri Dharma.

WOMEN AND NATIONAL LIFE.

Miss Eleanor McDougall, Principal of the Women's Christian

College, Madras, delivered an interesting lecture on "Women and National Life".

In the course of her lecture she said that women formed half the nation and that when fifty per cent of the human race was suppressed, the whole race could not be deemed to be living in a healthy atmosphere. It was said that in primitive days, women had to depend on men for protection from danger, owing to their physical weakness. With the advance of civilisation, the State had come to take up that function and to-day there was no need for individual bravery or strength of muscles. The lecturer next referred to the Suffragist movement and said that to-day women were considered fit to take part in all the avocations of life just like men.

The learned lecturer then dwelt on the necessity for a woman to be chaste, and to do voluntary service to her husband, children and country. Dwelling next upon the state of the women folk in India, the lecturer said that in her vast experience, she found that the women of India were second to those of no other country in the world as regards the so-called feminine traits or virtues like chastity, fidelity, love of hearth and home. She regretted the poor state of women's education in the land and said that if sufficient finance should not be forthcoming to educate both the boys and the girls in the country, it would be better that all the available money be spent upon educating girls. The lecturer finally appealed for equal opportunities for women. She concluded by pleading once again for better encouragement for women to equip themselves for national service and stressed on the important part that awaited them in the national life of the country.

—*The Hindu.*

ALL-ASIAN WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

An informative bulletin has been issued by the All-Asian Women's Conference which gives a resume of the previous publications connected with the Conference, sets forth details for the information of Non-Asian countries, and issues an appeal for the enrolment of members for an All-Indian Reception Committee.—

The Conference will be held in Lahore from 23rd to 30th January 1931.

The objects of the conference are as follows :—

1. To promote the consciousness of unity amongst the women of Asia as members of a common oriental culture.

2. To take stock of the qualities of Oriental civilisation so as to preserve them for national and world service (simplicity, philosophy, Art, the cult of the family, veneration for motherhood, spiritual consciousness).

3. To review and seek remedies for the defects at present apparent in Oriental civilisation (Ill health, illiteracy, poverty and underpayment of labour, infantile mortality, marriage customs).

4. To sift what is appropriate for Asia from Occidental influences (education, dress, freedom of movement, cinemas, machinery).

5. To strengthen one another by the exchange of data and experiences concerning women's conditions in the respective countries of Asia (economic, moral, political, and spiritual status).

—*The Hindu*

EDUCATION OF WOMEN

The Special Committee of the All-India Women's Education Fund Association met recently at Pachmari, Central Provinces, for about ten days and drafted a report on the resolutions passed at the Annual Session of the All-India Women's Conference sometime ago. The resolutions were :

(1) That immediate steps be taken to put into effect the repeated resolutions that a central college be founded to train graduates and matriculates in order to secure a high standard of kindergarten and secondary teachers and the Fund Association be requested to allot money for founding and endowing such a college;

(2) That the Standing Committee members of the All-India Women's Conference recommend to the Fund Association that a committee be appointed by the governing body of the Fund Association to draw up plans and estimates for the establishment of a teachers' college of specialised home-science character, covering the complete life of the pupil, whether rural or urban, the courses of which should be on the lines of the memorandum of the All-India Women's Conference.

— *The Madras Mail.*

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN MYSORE

The Committee appointed last year by the Mysore Durbar, to consider and report on the question of legislation to amend the Hindu Law regarding the rights of women, has submitted its report.

The recommendations of the Committee have been embodied in the form of a Bill which will be called the Women's Hindu Law Rights Regulation, extending to the whole of Mysore The Bill lays down among other things that no woman shall be excluded from inheritance by reason of her sex and that no female relative of a Hindu dying intestate will be incompetent to inherit property merely because of the absence of an enabling text of law in this behalf

The Bill also lays down the order of succession, the male issue to the third generation being placed first, widow second, and daughters third, followed by daughter's sons, daughter, etc.

Self-acquisitions will be deemed to be separate property and certain females will be entitled to shares at partition. In the absence of an express prohibition by the husband, his widow or the seniormost of his widows shall have his authority to make an adoption and such adoption made by her shall not divest her of her estate in any sridhana property. Successors to the sridhana property of a Hindu female shall in the first instance be her children, and then grandchildren in the following order: Daughters, irrespective of their status, daughters and sons of daughters and sons and the issues of sons.

The Bill further lays down that a Hindu male shall be personally bound to maintain his mother, stepmother, wife, unmarried daughter and sister, widow of his predeceased sons, and widowed daughter or sister.

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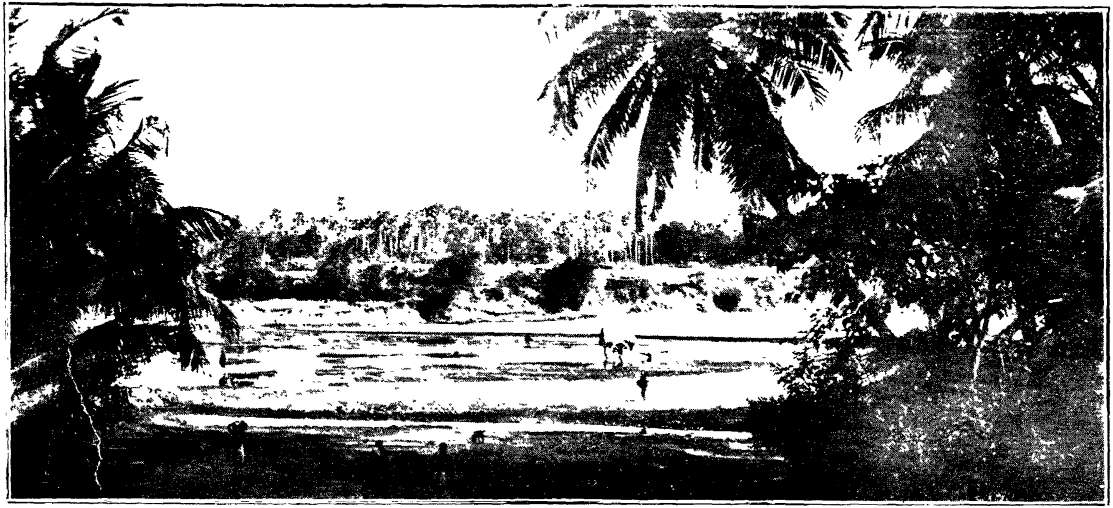

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